Week ending May 24 1958 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Hell-raisers heading for Russia

MADE FOR MAN
by A. P. HERBERT

VICTOR CANNING'S
brilliant new story

Paintings that fetch millions

SIR ROBERT BOOTHBY
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Free Speech

Why Do We Go On Trying To Fool Ourselves?

Here we go again. The annual confidence trick the British play on themselves has started. We're wearing shorter-than-ever shorts for sunbathing, dark glasses so that the sun won't hurt our eyes, and envying anybody who has an open-top car.

Why do we fool ourselves like this? In my town it rains on 211 days a year, which is about two out of every three. Even in the "high summer" month of August we get about four inches of rain, and we're lucky to get five hours of sunshine on an average summer's day..

It's a tragic commentary on our national independence of mind that we have to ape Hollywood and pretend that we live in a Palm Beach or Hawaii—while the rainwater drips coldly down our necks.

T. SIMPSON, BURNLEY, LANCS.

★ ★ ★

Laid Low

One morning my young son rushed into the kitchen with a bird's egg in his hand and told me that a blackbird had landed on the lawn, laid the egg and flown away.

I was sure that he was pulling my leg, but I have now confirmed that the egg really is a blackbird's, and there are no trees near that he could have climbed to find a nest. Would a blackbird do this?

MRS. I. L. NASH, HAYES CHASE, WEST WICKHAM, KENT

"Starlings have been known to lay eggs on lawns," says an ornithologist, "and although I have never heard of a blackbird doing so, it is quite possible."

★ ★ ★

Heads Down

The article which said that acrobats had done head-stands to help doctors to investigate headache (JOHN BULL, May 3) reminded me of the time twenty years ago when a doctor told me to stand on my head as a *cure* for headache. It worked—and ten minutes' head-stand a day is now my rule for good health.

Nehru does it every morning, and I believe that some film stars do, too. Once, ten minutes before a serious operation, I stood on my head when the doctor could not get a needle into my veins because of lack of blood. Again it worked.

G. J. W., GLAMORGAN.

★ ★ ★

'Let's All Go'

Britain is overcrowded, Australia is reputed to be crying out for British immigrants, and yet for years I have tried in vain to get my family over there. The reason: I have four children and so cannot find a nominee prepared to offer accommodation. Many parents must be in a similar position.

Let the government cut family and other allowances and use the money to build homes and factories in Australia, then go all out for mass emigration. One result would be to reduce the possibility of total destruction of our industry in a war.

GEORGE JOHNSTON, ARDENTINNY, DUNOON.

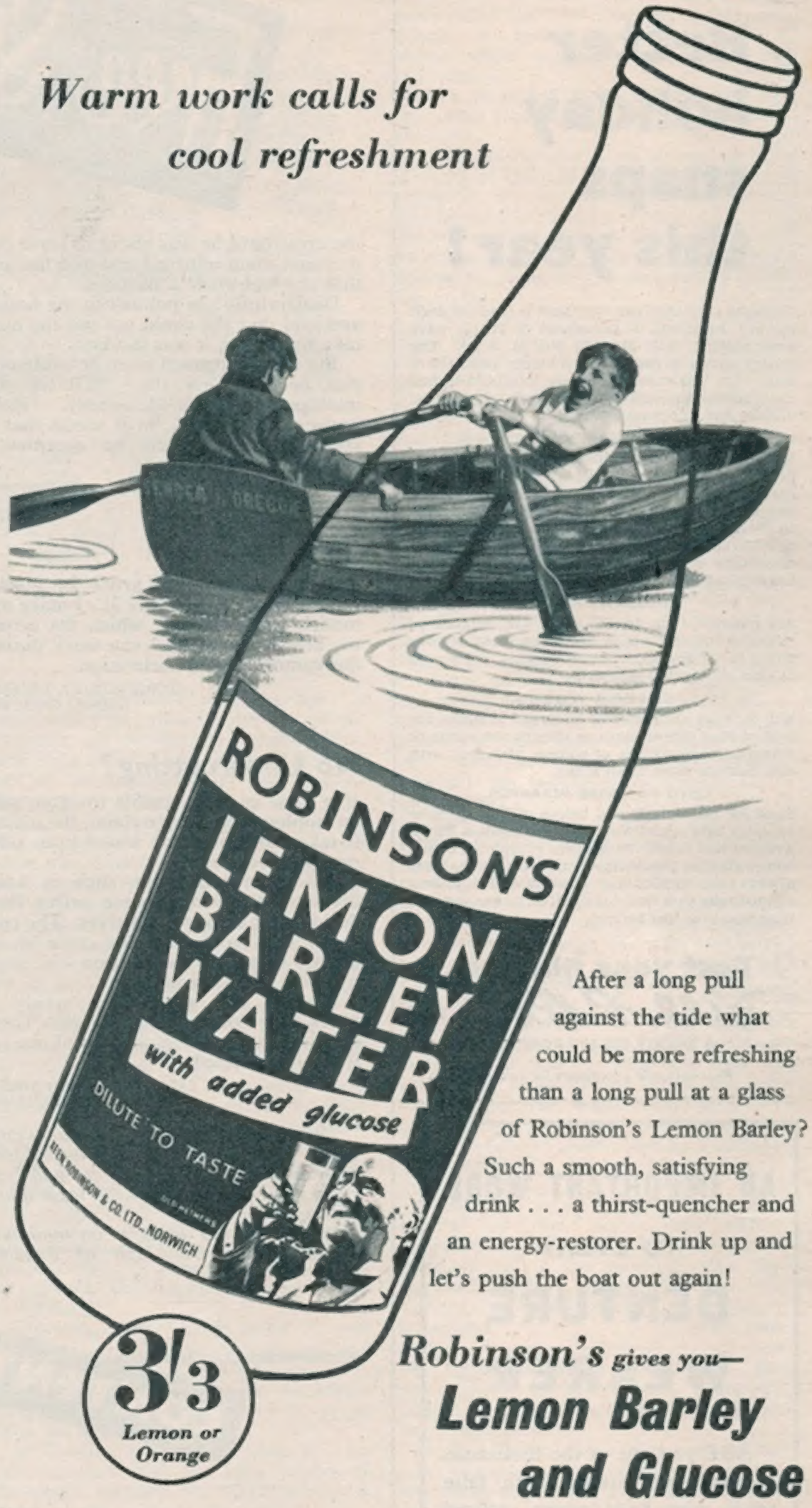
★ ★ ★

When The Customer's Wrong

In a store where over the cashier's desk is the notice "Check your change here, as mistakes cannot otherwise be rectified," I saw a customer given too *much* change. He did not discover

Continued on next page

Warm work calls for cool refreshment



After a long pull against the tide what could be more refreshing than a long pull at a glass of Robinson's Lemon Barley? Such a smooth, satisfying drink . . . a thirst-quencher and an energy-restorer. Drink up and let's push the boat out again!

3/3 Lemon or Orange

Robinson's gives you—
Lemon Barley and Glucose

For Refreshment and Energy—says OLD HETHERS

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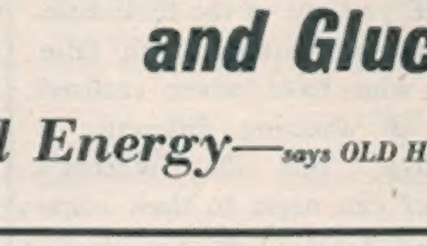
Travel sick? Get your 'SEA-LEGS' before you go!

24-hour protection in one dose.
Safe for children.
No after-effects.
16 tablets–2/6.
From your chemist.



A BDH PRODUCT

Better holiday snaps this year!

To make sure that the very best is made of each picture, hundreds of thousands of people have been posting their films to Will R. Rose. The expert knows he cannot get a higher standard of work; the less experienced are delighted to find that developing and printing have emphasised virtues and minimised faults!

INDIVIDUAL CARE FOR PICTURES

Mr. Rose started his business almost as a "paying hobby" over fifty years ago. Because he gave such *interested* care to each job, his business grew. But today, though it is a vast organisation able to include the latest plant and equipment, the spirit of individual care continues. While taking advantage of technical advances, Will R. Rose has avoided the evils of mass-production methods.

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All negatives up to 3¼" x 2¼" are printed as "Magna Prints" which make the most of your pictures. If you want contact prints, put a note to that effect with your order.

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Send for full details and prices of Will R. Rose services, and with your reply will come a FREE wrapper and label. With every completed order, comes another free wrapper and label, so that it is always easy to post your films to Will R. Rose – and to make sure that they will be better pictures than you ever had before!

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AN IMPORTANT WORD TO EVERY DENTURE WEARER

ARE you one of the thousands of men and women with false teeth who have never realised what an amazing difference a "fixative" like Dr. Wernet's Powder can make to their comfort?

Even the most beautifully made dentures cling more closely and feel twice as comfortable if you sprinkle your plate with Wernet's in the morning. Then you won't even be conscious you've got dentures till you clean them next morning.

Dr. Wernet's Powder is a hygienic, tasteless powder recommended by dentists all over the world. Your dentures fit as perfectly as if they were natural teeth.

To realise just what a really astonishing difference it can make, get a tin of Dr. Wernet's Powder from any chemist today and prove it for yourself. (Advt.)

Free Speech

continued from previous page

the error until he was about to leave the premises, then returned and told the girl that she had made a mistake.

Disdainfully she pointed to the notice and said that she could not put the mistake right now; it was too late.

But what happened when he explained that *he* owed *her* 10s.? "I'll tell the manager," she cooed sweetly. "He'll know what to do." So it seems that a customer's word can be accepted—sometimes.

D. M. J., NORTHAMPTON.

Plug Pastime

I was intrigued by the article on plastic models (JOHN BULL, May 3). I make my models on a "bench" which fits across my armchair so that I can work during the commercials on television.

GEORGE COLLEY, HILLEND, GREAVE, CHESHIRE.

No Undercutting?

If a trade union is unable to agree with an employer on a wage claim, the matter is taken to arbitration where both sides can put their case.

But when tradesmen, such as hairdressers, want to increase prices they decide on it among themselves. The customer who has to find the extra 3d. or 6d. has no say in the decision—he pays, by order of the federation.

Cannot the government apply a "brake" to control these prices? There should be some safeguard, for at present it is all one-sided.

W. EATON, NICHOLSON STREET, PARR, LANCS.

"We would welcome government control," says the National Hairdressers' Federation. "France has it, and you can't get a haircut under the legal maximum price—4s.

"Our branches do agree on minimum prices, but as only half of Britain's hairdressers are in the federation the non-members act as a 'brake.'"

Money To Burn

As a student I can say from the inside that some grants made to students are too high.

The theory of grants—that nobody should be deprived of university education because of lack of money—is admirable. But when students can save £40

to buy an engagement ring—on top of smoking twenty cigarettes a day—and take holidays abroad out of their grants, public money is being wasted.

K. C., ST. ANDREWS, FIFE.

"After a means test, students get a grant to give them a reasonable living standard," says the Ministry of Education. "How they spend it is up to them. It certainly isn't enough for them to indulge in riotous living, and if they misuse it they have less to spend on their keep."

Too Handy

The reason why floorboards are left loose over gas, water and electricity pipes and cables ("Free Speech," April 19) is for ease of maintenance and speed of emergency repair.

The "handymen" who have nailed down their loose boards might run into a good deal of extra expense if they have a water burst, for the water will get time to soak in while the plumber is ripping up half the floor.

A. G. JACKSON, OLDFIELD STREET, FENTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

Legal Cribbing

When are educationists going to realize that knowledge is expanding so fast that our children are becoming more and more specialized? An educated man does not memorize all the knowledge that comes his way, but he does know where to look things up.

A more general education should be given in a greater variety of subjects, streamlined to cut out parrot learning of facts more properly stored in works of reference. Reference books should be permitted in most examinations, which should be tests not of memory but of ability to apply the stored experience of mankind.

MRS. M. G. WILLIAMS, LLAIN, MATHRY, HAVERFORDWEST, WALES.

Cost Of The Code

The Highway Code now costs 6d., not 1d. as stated by the Stationery Office in "Free Speech," May 3.

At its new price it does cover the retailer's costs, but as a newsagent I find it unpopular with the public because of its small, drab format.

If its cover was as attractive as JOHN BULL's it would sell a lot better—and stop more accidents.

R. S. MATTHEWS, NEWTON ROAD, MUMBLES, SWANSEA.

"Mr. Matthews is right," says the Stationery Office. "The Highway Code has cost 6d. since December, 1956, when an Act of Parliament authorized the increase. Stationers found that it was not worth stocking at 1d.—and there is still not much in it for them even now."

The Ministry of Transport says: "Some of the free copies sent out with provisional driving licences may be old stock marked 1d."

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

VICTOR CANNING'S brilliant new story | Pictures that [illegible] | one woman discovers if I were running TV

WHEN the first burst of sunshine breaks through our cities the countryside puts on its finery to greet the 250,000 ramblers and youth hostellers of Britain. Today theirs will be the luxury of lunch cooked over a camp fire (remember, no litter), the fun of many milestones left behind and, later, the joy of aching muscles relaxed in a country inn. Let us hope, adds Petts, that when they are old they will owe their good health to the summer of their youth, when they conquered the green fields of England on a budget and a billy-can.

men in *Nylon* socks

feel good about their feet ...anytime, anywhere*

*Colours and patterns for every man and moment, snug fit for every foot. Washing easy. Darning practically unknown.

it's *Nylon* for socks

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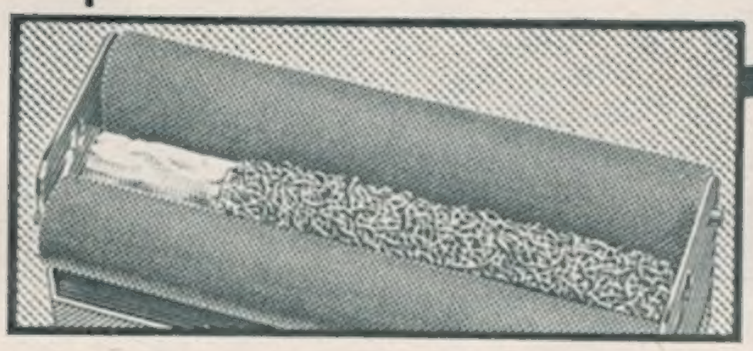
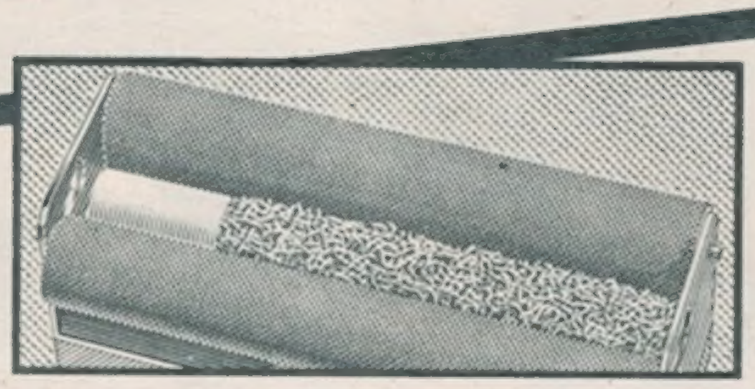
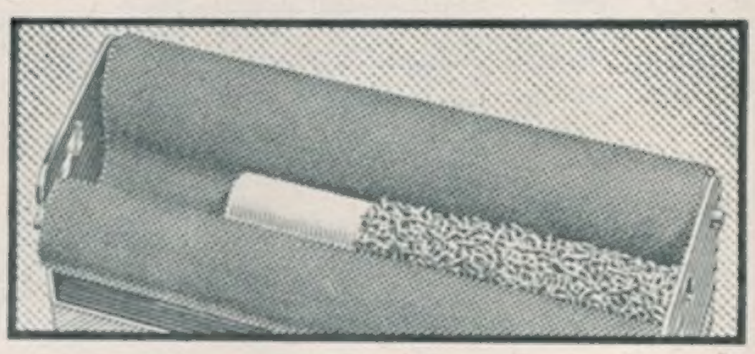
SMOKERS

you MUST read this - it has a message for you

12 cigarettes for 3d
20 cigarettes for 8d







12 cigarettes for 3d

DO YOU ROLL YOUR OWN CIGARETTES?

Then here's how to get 12 extra cigarettes from a 3d packet of Rizla Cigarette Papers. Crumple a cigarette paper and place on machine as shown, it will save enough tobacco to make 12 extra cigarettes at a cost of 3d. *NOTE:* For a cooler smoke always tap cigarette (TIP DOWNWARDS) before smoking.

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By using RIZLA Filter Tips, you not only save enough tobacco to make *20 EXTRA* cigarettes with every 8d box of 100 tips, but you also trap a large percentage of nicotine, tobacco tars, etc., and can smoke more in consequence. *NOTE:* For a cooler smoke always tap cigarette (TIP DOWNWARDS) before smoking.

How to get even MORE than 20 extra cigarettes for 8d

Make SHORTER cigarettes. Place the Filter Tip one third distance from the end of the machine and fill remainder with tobacco as shown. When cigarette has been removed from machine, nip off the surplus cigarette paper.

To those who do not roll their own cigarettes

START NOW and get all these benefits

Plus Longer-Lasting, Better and Fresher Cigarettes

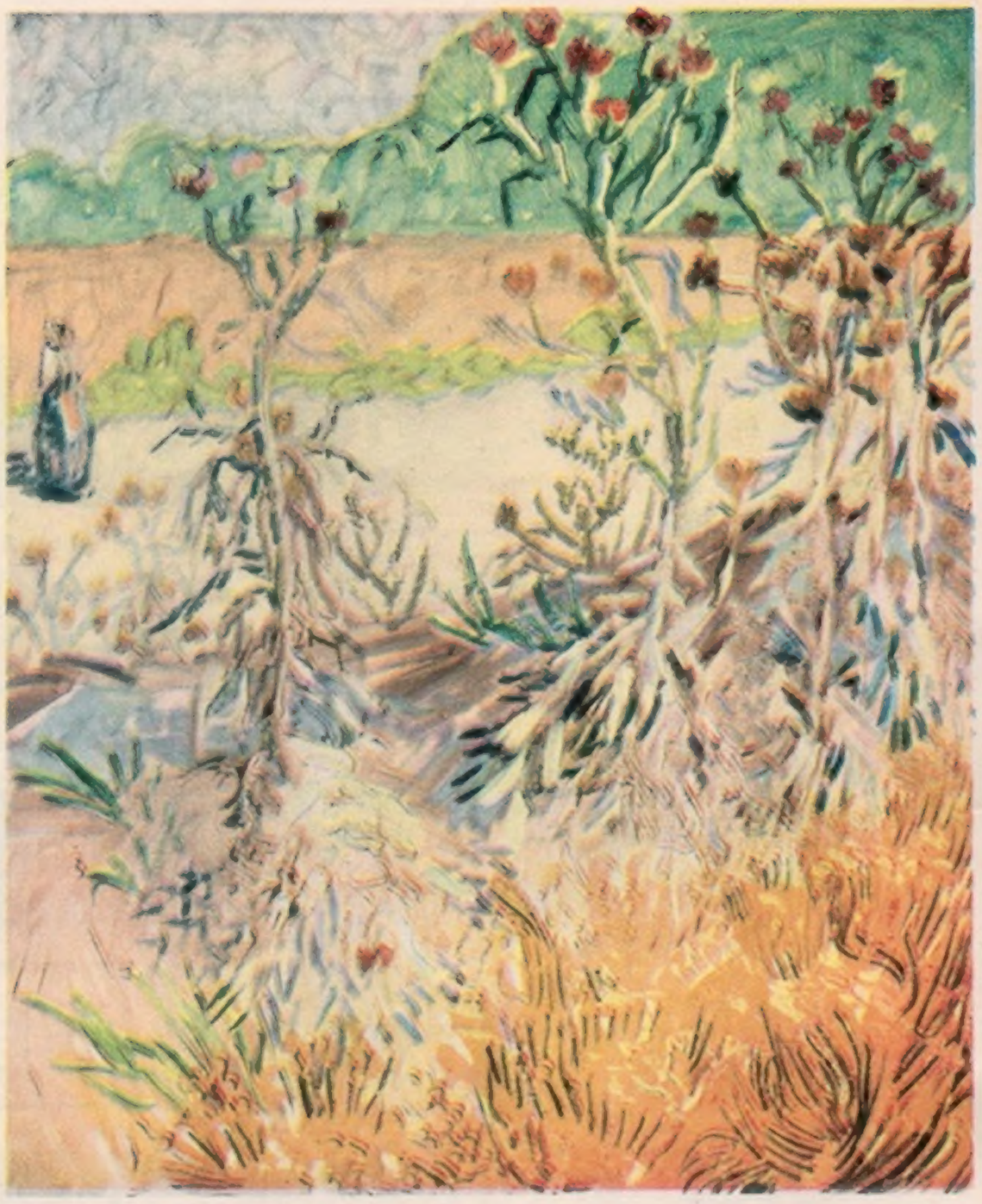
Get a RIZLA *outfit today from your tobacconist*

Greek millionaire Stavros Niarchos works beneath a painting by Renoir

With prices leaping up in thousands of pounds, the amazing Impressionist boom goes on. This week, one of the greatest collections ever shown opens in London

THE PAINTINGS THAT FETCH MILLIONS

by KEITH ELLIS



"Thistles," by Van Gogh, is among the Impressionists from the Niarchos collection now on show at the Tate Gallery

IT was quite the most exciting art sale for years. Gabriel Cognacq, a wealthy Parisian department store owner, had revoked the bequest leaving his collection to the Louvre. Now, in May, 1952, it was being auctioned at the Galerie Charpentier in the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. It included old masters, modern paintings and sculptures. Its nineteenth-century French paintings, mainly Impressionists, were the most important batch that had been put up for auction since the war.

For days before, art dealers from France, Britain, nearly every country in Europe and even America had poured into the city. Most of them had already seen the pictures at private showings. An hour before the gallery opened, three thousand of them had fought and shouted their way into the auction-room. Then Maître Bellier, France's leading auctioneer, mounted the rostrum. A single stroke of his hammer brought the room to silence. The auction had begun.

The next three hours produced some of the fiercest competition ever seen in an auction-room. As each Impressionist picture came up, the bidding quickly jumped into millions of francs. Two Cézannes went for £33,000 and £20,000; an "unimportant" Degas pastel for £12,600. A Van Gogh fetched £16,500; a Manet £11,600. At the end of three hours, the takings totalled £362,000, an average of £2,000 a minute. M. Dubourg, the expert responsible to the gallery for

"Girl Resting Head On Hand" is one of ten Renoirs owned by Niarchos. Prices have soared since he started his collection

Announcing . . . a superb new series of world famous paintings. It will feature magnificent double-page prints in full colour of pictures by

RENOIR

DEGAS

GAUGUIN

CÉZANNE

VAN GOGH

SEURAT

With each painting he has chosen Sir John Rothenstein, director of the Tate Gallery, writes a brilliant appraisal of the artist

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

the Impressionists, was astounded to find his estimates had been exceeded by more than half.

The Cognacq sale was the start of an unprecedented scramble for French Impressionist paintings. It also marked the entry into the Impressionist market of a short, reserved, Greek shipping multi-millionaire named Stavros Spyros Niarchos. On that day, his agent bought a small Renoir called "The Two Sisters" for £19,000. It now hangs over the mantelpiece of the drawing-room of the penthouse he occupies at Claridge's in London.

Inspired by "The Two Sisters," Niarchos went on to build up one of the most important privately owned collections in the world. It includes fifty-eight pictures which he bought from Edward G. Robinson for £1,070,000 and is normally divided between his yacht Creole and his five private dwellings in London, France and America.

Most of his Impressionists will be on view at the Tate Gallery until June 29. They will include four Cézannes, eight Degas, five Gauguins, ten Renoirs, seven Van Goghs and four Toulouse-Lautrecs. Among other Niarchos paintings in the exhibition will be six Rouaults, works by Matisse, Goya, Delacroix, Corot and a "Pieta" of El Greco's.

While Niarchos has been building up his collection, prices have risen ever higher. Impressionists now fetch three times as much as in 1947, twice as much as in 1952. They are now so expensive that Niarchos is sometimes outbid.

Last year he hoped to acquire a Gauguin, "Still Life With Apples," which was coming up for sale at Charpentier's and sent his wife Eugenie to bid for him. At 80 million francs, she had only one competitor, Basil Goulandris, a fellow Greek shipping multi-millionaire.

Million by million, the bids leaped up. At 100 million the audience rose and cheered. But it was almost the end. When Mrs. Niarchos offered 103 million, Goulandris replied with 104 million (£104,000). The auctioneer looked back at Mrs. Niarchos, but this time she shook her head. After a last glance round the room, he brought his hammer down smartly. The Gauguin went to Goulandris—for the highest price ever fetched by an Impressionist.

Dealers called the price "insane," "absurd," "fantastic." Mr. Nathan Cummings, a Chicago art collector, said: "I don't believe Goulandris meant to pay as much, but in the heat and excitement he became determined to get it." The previous owner, Mrs. Margaret Biddle, had bought it only four years before for a reputed £43,000. Just before the sale, experts had valued it at between £40,000 and £60,000.

One London art expert explains the boom thus: "Impressionists combine quality and fashion. They're the last major school of painting with enough examples in circulation to form a market. They're a good investment and they appeal to the modern taste because they're brightly coloured, easy to enjoy and small. They fit comfortably into a small flat or yacht."

Enthusiasm among the newly-rich has transformed the tone of international art sales. When Aly Khan recently sold his collection to raise money for his horse-racing, Charpentier's was packed by the international smart set. Afterwards, the late Mike Todd, who had picked up three mediocre works by Degas, Utrillo and Carzou for a mere £9,800, cracked: "People in Hollywood will think I'm crazy paying that money for pictures that don't even move."

The taste for Impressionists is by no means confined to those who can afford to buy. When the National Gallery first put Cézanne's £30,000 "Old Woman With A Rosary" on view in November, 1953, ten thousand people came to see it in the first week. Nearly 60,000 paid 1s. 6d. to see the Tate's 1955 Gauguin exhibition, and many of the 65,000 who saw the Renoirs two years before had to queue up on the steps. A Monet exhibition at last year's Edinburgh Festival drew 49,000.

Not surprisingly the price boom has brought a steady stream of fakes. In 1951, Paris police turned up a cache of eight forged Renoirs. Last year, they raided the Paris flat of a Dutch art dealer and found five forged Renoirs, two forged Gauguins and several other forgeries. Crates addressed to a dealer in Houston, Texas, contained another fifteen fake Renoirs.

Van Gogh has been forged so often and so well that even the experts are sometimes not sure whether a picture is genuine. Shortly after the war, a young American picture-dealer named Reeves Lewenthal got a flat tyre on the outskirts of Paris. He rang from a nearby bistro for help and while waiting looked idly at the pictures on the wall. To his astonishment one of them appeared to be an unfinished self-portrait by candlelight of Van Gogh.

Lewenthal called in experts. They found it authentic. He looked through Van Gogh's letters and found a reference to a seemingly identical self-portrait which had disappeared after being sold to a Paris café in 1917. Convinced that the two pictures were the same, he bought the self-portrait from the owner of the bistro and sold it for a reputed £18,000 to a Hollywood magnate named William Goetz who insured it for four times that amount.

The picture became the talk of Hollywood. Lit by candles and surrounded by red velvet, it hung at the end of a long corridor. Art-lovers such as the late Thomas Mann came to a special viewing. Then Goetz lent it to an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Immediately an expert challenged it.

Embarrassed, the director of the gallery appointed a jury of four experts to examine it. They found it "strident in colour, weak in drawing and uncertain in the modelling of the head." They refused to authenticate it, but were equally unwilling to say that it was a fake. Goetz is still wondering whether or not he spent £18,000 on a work by an unknown artist.

Other collectors have enjoyed a completely different experience. After harbouring a painting for years, they have found themselves suddenly rich because an expert has identified it as an early work of an Impressionist—often from the days before he became an Impressionist.

Four years ago Professor Lionello Venturi, the Cézanne expert, noticed an unsigned painting at a French art exhibition in Stockholm. He examined it closely and declared it to be an early Cézanne. The discovery was worth many thousands of pounds to its owner.

LAST year, Rex Kivell, director of London's Redfern Gallery, put on show a portrait of Gauguin he had bought thirty years before for £75. It was supposedly by Emile Bernard, who painted with Gauguin in Brittany in the 1880s. The two men influenced each other's style.

By chance, Bernard's own son saw the painting and remarked on the fact that it was unsigned. His father, he told Kivell, always signed his work and besides, the style differed from his father's. Could the painting be a *self*-portrait by Gauguin?

Excited, Kivell looked into the documents. He found letters between Bernard and Gauguin which showed that Gauguin had painted two self-portraits during his stay in Brittany. Only one was known. Could this be the other?

Kivell called in a group of experts led by Professor Douglas Cooper to examine his picture. They declared it a genuine Gauguin, one of the very few to be found in the last twenty years.

Ironically, the Impressionist painters enjoyed

Continued on page 32

Hell-raisers heading for Russia

And Canada will be delighted to see them go—after a terror campaign that has lasted for thirty years

by JACK BROOKS

A STRANGE scheme to move eight thousand people from their homes in British Columbia to a wild and undeveloped mountain area in Siberia is being planned.

The people are the Doukhobors, a Russian peasant sect which emigrated from Russia to Canada only sixty years ago, and the main force behind the return to what they call "Mother Russia" is a breakaway group known as the Sons of Freedom. They have been responsible for thirty years of terrorism in British Columbia.

A group of elders of the sect has recently been to Russia seeking suitable sites for Doukhobor settlements, and already many members of the sect have agreed, in writing, to go.

To help them to move, "every assistance" has been promised by the state premier.

Doukhobors in general and the Sons of Freedom in particular have a religious objection to sending their children to school, and they have resisted any attempt at compulsion with blown-up bridges, mined railways and burned and bombed schools. Brought to court they stripped naked in the dock with the aid of concealed drawstrings; sent to prison, they set it on fire. Their violence, they say, is "in the name of God."

When they were on the rampage in the early 1950s, the whole of British Columbia erupted in violence. Its people began to dread the beautiful choral singing of the Sons as they burned and destroyed, and the area came to be called "The Land of Strawberries and Fear."

The Sons tried to burn down their own town of Krestova, and half succeeded. To protect schools a system of armed guards and floodlighting was introduced, and still persists. Village storekeepers developed the habit of getting up in the middle of the night to fire a shot just to let the terrorists know that they were awake.

Police broke up nude parades with itching powder and fire hoses, and the government offered big rewards for the capture of dynamiters and arsonists.

It had little effect. In the small town of Nelson, twenty-three houses were burned down in two weeks. It was calculated that in thirty years the Sons had been responsible for more than five hundred bomb explosions and £5 million worth of damage.

At the head of the Sons of Freedom is Bill Moojelsky, a burly, hairy man who speaks of teachers as "disciples of Satan," truant officers as "kidnappers," the headmaster of a special school for Doukhobor children as "a sadist," and the school's cook as "a poisoner."

Mother Russia, he says, is calling her children home. There, human dignity is respected and the family is all-powerful.

But putting these thoughts to a thousand members of the sect he encountered opposition. Some Doukhobors own cars, television sets, washing machines, even businesses, and were unwilling to abandon them.

Moojelsky admitted to them that the supply of consumer goods in Russia was too small to serve everybody, but predicted that in ten years Russia would be fifty years ahead of Canada and the United States.

Some members of the audience began to jeer. When Moojelsky said that Russia had no unemployment, they told him that it was because Russia has the salt mines.

Nonetheless he won over a hard core of

Continued on page 34

Watching as a farm burns, Doukhobors strip, kneel and pray. They have caused £5 million worth of damage, often to their own property

THE SLEIGMAN LETTER

A man in love with a beautiful girl needs money. And somewhere round here was hidden treasure —a fortune for the finding . . .

Looking down into Marcelle's

by VICTOR CANNING

OUTSIDE the window Father Bernard could see the heat-struck, dusty courtyard and the walled garden of the monastery. Beyond the garden the long stretches of tawny yellow hills shimmered in the sun haze. But here in the library the air was cool and full of the faint fragrance of old leather.

The monk turned to the young man who stood by the long refectory table, frowning and whistling gently to himself as he laid out carefully the pages of manuscript music.

"Tomorrow," Father Bernard said, "I will bring you the Palestrina collection. It came originally from the monastery at Carthage."

"Good." Peter Trafford smiled and straightened up. For a moment they faced one another. Then suddenly Peter said, "I know that look in your face. What is it you want to say, Father?" He lit himself a cigarette. The library was the one place in the monastery where he was allowed to smoke. "I've felt it in you all day."

Father Bernard slipped his hands into the cuffs of his loose sleeves. "You have been with us three weeks now, my son," he said. "I have grown fond of you." He smiled. "It is long since I was reminded of myself as a young man. You are now much as I was once . . . impatient, daring, unaware of the hurt you can do to others."

Peter shrugged his shoulders. He was in for a lecture. He could see that.

"What have I done?" He spoke easily. He liked this old monk with the walnut-brown, deeply creased face and the quiet, measured voice. But he was old, and out of touch—about half a century out of touch with life.

"Nothing, my son, yet," Father Bernard said. "It is what you are, rather than anything you have done. But this little village of Cheba is small. Every whisper, every little word and every little action becomes known up here. I do not wish to see you or anybody else hurt. You must not forget the power and attraction you have, from your youth, from the fact that you are a stranger here. . . ."

Peter laughed quietly. "I get you. It's Marcelle, isn't it? And her brother Artois? He doesn't like me—though I'm the only customer in his one-eyed hotel. And he thinks Marcelle likes me too much. It could be, Father, that I love her and she loves me."

The last sentence had a rising note of challenge in it. Father Bernard's hand came out and touched one of the manuscript pages on the table.

"That is my hope, my son. Marcelle is a good girl. But I have a fear for you because there is no true understanding in you of what you are."

"Me? I'm just a rolling stone. But one day, one day, you'll see, Father, I'll come home with the jackpot."

"Jackpot? It is not a word I know. But the sense is clear, my son—and it is there my fear lies.

"You dream of this sudden wealth," the old man went on. "You are always talking about it. You forget that wealth must be a reward for work, that the riches of the spirit and of this world come only in return for work and faith. Forget your dream, my son, for it can destroy you and others with you."

Peter smiled. "You talk like my uncle—the one at the university who got me this job of photographing old music manuscripts for them. Only he phrases it differently."

Father Bernard raised an eyebrow. "Then he is a sensible man."

"He can afford to be. He's worth about fifty thousand pounds, and all of it goes to his sons."

Somewhere deep in the monastery buildings a bell began to ring.

"I must go, my son. Tomorrow I will bring the Palestrina manuscripts."

It was hard to work after that. Once or twice before Father Bernard had given him a lecture. Of course, the old boy was right in a way—but then, it was one thing to be wise in a monastery tucked deep in the interior of Tunisia. Outside things were tougher. If you wanted to get along you had to have a start. That's what he dreamed of always. . . . He frowned at the thought. What was wrong with dreaming?

He began to pack up some of the manuscripts he had already photographed. Nearly time to knock off for the day. He crossed the library with a stack in his arms and pushed the library ladder along with his shoulder. He climbed the ladder to put the manuscripts back in their place on the top shelf. Books and manuscripts . . . there was a fortune in this room.

Idly, he pulled the nearest volume from the shelf. He flipped the pages over. Greek. Not

eyes, Peter said: "When I go, will you come with me? I love you." She said quietly: "I love you, too, but how can I go . . . while there is Artois?"

one of his languages, unfortunately. A thick brown envelope fell out of the book to the floor. He put the book back and climbed down the ladder. He picked up the envelope. Written in ink on the face of the envelope was the name, Hans Sleigman.

The flap was unsealed. Inside was a tightly folded wad of cheap writing paper . . . modern, but browning a little and the ink fading.

Every sheet was close covered in small but tidy writing. It was in German, and he could read German.

He read the first page, and the second . . . and then suddenly he felt a pulse of excitement kick inside him.

Outside a bell rang again and he heard the slow shuffle of sandals across the courtyard. He put the wad of notepaper back quickly and thrust the envelope into his pocket. *Take it easy*, he told himself. It could be all nonsense. There was no point in getting excited. Not yet. . . .

But he was excited. As he walked down the hill from the monastery to the little village of Cheba in the valley, he could feel it inside him . . . racing around as though he had taken a couple of strong brandies.

Three weeks ago he had come to this place. Cheba, a backwater, two hundred miles from Tunis. . . . He'd come out because once he'd worked as a film cameraman and knew photography inside out. Almost he hadn't come. But now. . . !

He patted his pocket to make sure the envelope was still there.

ARTOIS FERET was leaning on the bar of the Hôtel du Terminus when Peter went in. Peter said good evening and Artois jerked his head. He was a middle-aged man, going bald, with a long, unhealthy face, the thin mouth loose and slack. The only life in his face came from the eyes, deep-set, small and dark, the eyes of a man who expects little good from those around him.

As Peter went into the kitchen to reach the stairs to his room, he could feel those eyes on his back. Artois had no love for him . . . because of Marcelle.

The other sister, Mademoiselle Elie, was in the kitchen, cooking. In all the time Peter had been at the hotel Elie had not spoken more than half a dozen sentences to him. But then, she seldom spoke to anyone.

She was about forty, thin, dried up, her black hair touched with grey and drawn tightly back from her forehead, and always she wore the same shapeless black dress and white apron.

She was a women who lived deep within herself, untouched by Artois's drunken bouts, untouched by anything that went on. But she wasn't like Artois, who seemed to have a grudge against everyone. Mademoiselle Elie was isolated, unaware of anyone else.

As Peter went into his bedroom the door was pushed shut behind him and a pair of arms went round his neck and Marcelle's lips were warm against his own.

He laughed and stepped back, looking at her. Again there was the surprise in him that she

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Terror lurked behind the Three Oaks. But Peter didn't

could have any relationship with Artois and Mademoiselle Elie. Her dark hair was loose on her shoulders, and as she swung away from him the skirt of her green cotton dress flared out, dancing with her vitality and grace.

"Each day," said Peter, speaking in French, "you get lovelier. It is not possible. You must be a witch. But if your brother finds you up here he'll burn you at the stake."

"Pouff, to him! One has to make the beds."

"At six o'clock in the evening?"

"Then I come up to put hot-water bottle in the bed. . . ." She laughed, coming closer.

"With the night temperature never below seventy?"

She slipped inside his arms, raising her lips. He kissed her. When she drew away from him, she said: "Tonight, after supper, there is a dance in the Grande Place. You will take me?"

"I don't know. . . ." His hand at his side could feel the bulk of the envelope. "I've got some work to do." Then, seeing the shadow across her eyes, he said quickly: "Of course I'll come. I'll have finished by then. Now you hop off before Artois comes snooping around."

When she had gone he locked his door.

MARCELLE had to come and bang on his door to get him down to supper. He ate by himself in the small dining-room, waited on by Mademoiselle Elie, and all through supper his thoughts were with Hans Sleigman.

The notes he had found were written with a heavy Germanic thoroughness, clearly as a letter to someone . . . someone who had never received the letter because the letter had never been finished. But enough had been written to set Peter's mind working with plans and exciting images of the future. This was the luck he had always believed in.

Hans Sleigman was a German agent who had been sent to Tunisia during the war to stir up the various Arab tribes and organizations against the Allies. But Hans Sleigman had been caught by the Allies' rapid advance to Tunis and, badly wounded, had taken refuge in the monastery at Cheba. The brothers had nursed him back to health and he had been employed by them as a gardener. But Hans was a sick man. The war wound healed, but his real illness had already numbered his days.

The part of his story that most interested Peter was the fact that, as an agent, Hans had been provided by the German authorities with a small fortune in gold coins in order to bribe the Arabs into supporting the Germans. Little of this fortune had been used before the Allied advance caught him. Before taking refuge in the monastery, Hans had hidden this hoard in a small cave near Cheba.

His notes gave clear directions for locating the gold, except for the starting point. The phrases from the notes stuck in Peter's mind. . . . *I do not have to tell you where les Trois Chênes stand. Go there. Face the north and walk for three hundred yards to the small ravine. Climb this for fifty yards and on the right you will see the cave entrance, overgrown with myrtle.* . . .

Sipping his coffee absently, Peter frowned. All he had to do was to find some place around here called *les Trois Chênes*. The three oaks. It shouldn't be difficult. But he had to be careful. Hans's letter had never been delivered to whoever should have had it. Who could that have been? Probably another agent in hiding. . . .

Later, dancing with Marcelle in the square, an accordion and a violin squealing from the front of a café, the shadowed night full of the movement of other dancers, Peter said: "Have you ever heard of a place called the Three Oaks?"

Marcelle shook her head.

"I know you were too young to remember the war, but have you ever heard of a man called Hans Sleigman?"

Marcelle shook her head again, and her eyes on him were dreamy. Looking down at her, Peter said, almost before he knew he was going to say it: "In a week, maybe, I shall be finished here. When I go, will you come with me? I love you."

It was some time before she answered, and then she said quietly: "I love you, too, but how can I go . . . while there is Artois? He is the head of the family. . . . He knows you have nothing. His permission will only be given to a man who has some money."

"Maybe I will have. . . ."

She laughed. "You dream, Peter. Always you dream. . . ." They swung into the dark shadow of an ornamental tree and her arms were around his neck, her lips close to his. Then she went on: "But so do I, Peter. Artois, money . . . they are nothing. When you go I shall come with you. To be happy, it is necessary to have only a very little money."

She laughed and he kissed her. Then, coming out from the shadow of the tree to join the dancers, Peter saw Artois Feret sitting by the band in the café. His eyes were on them, his face still and foreboding. . . .

When Mademoiselle Elie brought him his coffee and rolls at breakfast the next morning, Peter said: "Do you know a place around here called the Three Oaks?"

"No, m'sieur." She put the coffee pot down.

"You were here all during the war, weren't you?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

She was turning to leave the room but Peter went on quickly: "Do you remember the German who was given refuge at the monastery, Hans Sleigman?"

Mademoiselle Elie paused, her back half turned to Peter. Then slowly she turned full to him. Her face was very still, her lips tight.

"I do, m'sieur."

Her voice was prim and hard. Peter half smiled and said: "You didn't like him, eh? Because he was German? Well, that's understandable."

For a moment Peter thought she was going to say something, but abruptly she gave a little shrug of her shoulders and left the room. . . .

In the next two days Peter found that quite a few people remembered Hans Sleigman, but none of them had much to say about him. He gathered that at the time there had been some feeling from the French because the monastery had given him shelter. Nobody, however, had heard of a place called the Three Oaks.

It was Father Bernard who, in the end, solved that riddle for him. Since his discovery of the notes, Peter had once or twice got Father Bernard to talk about the German, being careful not to show any undue interest in him.

One afternoon, when both of them were working on the Palestrina manuscripts, Father Bernard got up and went over to the window. It was a familiar movement to Peter. The old man got stiff sitting, and this was his way of easing the fatigue of his body.

Father Bernard stared out of the window for a while, then turned and looked full at Peter. Peter recognized the monk's mood and he said pleasantly: "Not another lecture, Father?"

Father Bernard smiled and rubbed for a moment at his wrinkled chin. "No, my son, but there is a question I would like to ask you."

"Anything you like."

"You have been making inquiries in Cheba for a place called the Three Oaks?"

"News travels. Yes, I have."

"Why?"

For a moment Peter was tempted to make up some story, but he realized that he could not lie to Father Bernard. "I'd rather not say."

"I would like you to say, my son."

"I'm sorry, Father."

"Very well. . . ." Father Bernard gave a little wave of his hands as though dismissing the whole thing. He turned back to the window and went on speaking, almost as though to himself: "Maybe, my son, you are as confused botanically as poor Hans Sleigman used to be."

"What on earth's Hans Sleigman got to do with it?" Peter was on his feet.

"Do you forget he was a gardener here?" Father Bernard's back was to him still. "In the evenings he used to come and read in this library. An unhappy man in many ways. As a gardener he was very bad. It was hard for him to know one bush of fruit from the other. He was of the city."

"Well, I certainly know the difference between an apple and a pear, and——"

"Maybe, my son. But it could be that your information is wrong. You ask for the three oaks and nobody knows them. But if you asked for the Three Chestnuts—*les Trois Châtaigniers*—any child could tell you. Look." Keeping his face away from Peter, Father Bernard pointed out of the window. "You see where the valley road climbs to the shoulder of that far hill? On the other side of the hill, away from the road, stand three chestnuts." He turned suddenly. "But my advice to you, my son, is either tell me why you ask for these trees, or go away and forget them."

For a moment Peter was silent. Then with a shrug he said: "I don't know what's in your mind. But I'm not interested in chestnuts."

He went back early to the Hôtel du Terminus, and all the way down he could feel the tension mounting in him. If Hans Sleigman was a complete fool about trees and plants, he could easily have thought the three chestnuts were oaks.

There was a late moon that night and Peter decided that just before it rose he would be at the three chestnuts. He had nothing to lose by following his hunch.

It was a two-hour walk and Peter reached the three chestnuts just as the tip of the rising moon's crescent came over the far hills. Following Hans Sleigman's directions, he found himself at the foot of a small ravine.

Some way up the ravine on the right-hand side, its mouth now closely overgrown with myrtle and juniper, he found the cave.

HE pulled a torch from his pocket and began to crawl into the narrow mouth. For some way he had to go on his hands and knees. Then the roof heightened and he stood up.

The air was dry and hot inside. Even in his light bush shirt and drill trousers he found the perspiration running from him. Then the tunnel widened into a large chamber. He stood at its entrance and swept his torch around the place.

Twenty feet away, against the far wall, a black shape caught his eye. He steadied the torch on it. Three boxes were stacked against the rough rock face. He crossed to them quickly and put his torch on a ledge to one side.

The boxes were padlocked. His hands trembling with excitement and impatience, he picked up a large stone and hammered at the hasp of the top box. After a few minutes the hasp came away.

He stood up, the sweat pouring from him, and raised the lid of the box. The torchlight showed a series of cylindrical blue paper rolls. He lifted one and tore at the paper. A shower of yellow coins fell out.

Before he could pick them up a voice said quietly behind him: "Leave it, m'sieur."

Peter swung round. Artois Feret was standing

know it yet . . . he was far too busy following a hunch

Before Peter could touch the coins, a quiet voice said: "Leave it, m'sieur"

in the cave entrance. He was in his socks, and Peter guessed he had taken off his boots to creep quietly in. Artois took another step forward and his right hand came up a little, holding a service revolver. With the movement, Peter saw for the first time a smile sweep across the man's face.

"Leave it, m'sieur," Artois repeated.

"How the devil did you get here?"

Peter made a movement towards the man but the revolver jerked. "Stay where you are." Artois's eyes went from Peter to the stacked boxes. "I followed you, m'sieur. Naturally.

"You wonder why? Because you yourself asked me to follow. The other morning the door to the kitchen was open when you were asking my sister Elie questions——"

"She knew nothing about this."

"Of the gold, no. But she was once Hans Sleigman's mistress. Oh, yes, she was young and pretty once, and they were much in love. He knew he was going to die, but always he told her that she would never want for money. In those days she used to confide in me. . . . He died, m'sieur, but suddenly and before he could tell her anything. And now you, too, will die."

Peter moved back against the rough wall. Desperately, he said: "Look, can't we do a deal? We can split——"

"No. And I have wasted enough time talking."

The revolver came up higher, and in the soft yellow torchlight Peter saw the movement of the man's hand. He threw himself to one side and to the ground as Artois fired. The shot smashed into the wall above the boxes and the sound of the explosion roared around the small cave in a tornado of sound.

Lying on the ground, Peter, through a haze of dust, saw Artois aim to fire again. But before he could do so there was an ominous growl of sound, and suddenly the vaulted roof of the cave above the tunnel mouth collapsed and a great spate of rocks and stones smashed down on the man. The torch fell to the ground from its ledge and went out. Peter heard Artois scream and then there was nothing but the pounding, roaring crash and mutter of subsiding rock. . . .

• • •

In the darkness Peter sat on the cave floor with his back against the boxes. Breathing was an agony now, for the air in the cave was getting fouler and fouler. The torch battery had gone long ago, and in a way he was glad. He could no longer see the great mass of debris across the tunnel mouth, the long slide of rock which Artois's shot had loosened.

How long had he been here? He panted and each breath was an agony. It was so hot . . . so hot. Like being in an oven.

He slid lower to have the advantage of the fresher air near the ground, and his shirt ripped against a corner of one of the boxes. The hard wood cut against his skin and he bit his lip angrily. Gold, a fortune . . . and he would have given it all now for a gulp of cold, fresh air.

He began to talk to himself . . . his mind wandering. He seemed to hear Father Bernard's voice. Had the old man known this might happen? Given him a chance to escape from death? No, not death—from something else. From himself, from Peter Trafford . . . from the easy-going, get-rich-quick, never-stick-to-a-job young man who would grow up to be like Artois Feret. . . .

And then, later, much later, in his delirium, he seemed to hear Marcelle talking, her voice full of tears, and he shouting angrily, "Don't cry! Don't cry! I'd only have made you unhappy."

The bad air and the heat were like a roof over him, dropping lower, slowly but surely, unhurried but certain to crush him.

Once he thought he heard voices and stumbled to his feet, staggering around in the darkness, tripping and falling, and then collapsing and laughing to himself until even the laughter died and he knew only the hard bite of the ground against his face and the pain of his dry, swollen tongue. . . .

He came back through great shock waves of blinding light. Then there was the occasional murmur of voices. Finally he was alone in the peace and loneliness of a small room, with the crisp feel of sheets under his hand. A bell struck and he knew it, and with the sound he heard the slither of sandals over the courtyard slabs and he dropped away into sleep.

WHEN he woke, the morning sun was coming through the small window and there were people in his room: Father Bernard, Mademoiselle Elie and Marcelle, and Marcelle's hand was holding his and he could see her eyes warm and trembling with tears.

"You are going to be all right, my son," said Father Bernard.

Peter moved his arm and his fingers were on Marcelle's shoulder, holding her.

"How did I get here?" he said.

"You are in the monastery hospital." Father Bernard smiled. "You have to thank Mademoiselle Elie for that. When her brother did not return she came to me. Already she had told me of your inquiries about Hans and the Three Oaks. There has always been a rumour in Cheba, you know, that he had hidden a great deal of gold somewhere."

"But how did you find me?"

"We took search parties to the three chestnuts. One of them found Artois's boots outside the cave mouth."

"Thank God for that."

"There is much to thank God for, my son."

Peter looked at Mademoiselle Elie. "I found Hans's letter in a book in the library," he said quietly. "I understand now why there are certain passages which I couldn't understand. . . . You will find it in the drawer of my bureau."

"Thank you, m'sieur." She turned away slowly to hide her face.

"He told about the gold in the letter. . . ."

"Ah, yes, the gold," said Father Bernard. "Something must be done about that. It's quite a problem."

Peter drew Marcelle closer to him, but his eyes were on Father Bernard. "There's no problem," he said evenly. "It must be turned over to the authorities and, if there's any question of anyone getting it, or getting a reward, then it should go to Mademoiselle Elie."

"Of course, my son."

The old, wrinkled face of the monk warmed with a smile, but Peter did not see it. He was looking up at Marcelle. He said: "When I go, you will come with me?"

She nodded, and he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

THE END

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SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Mr. and Mrs. Wood take a stroll along Shanklin promenade. Behind them is the pier which they have owned and managed for more than thirty years

We bought ourselves a pier

by HORACE TERRY WOOD

Half a million people come every year to our little bit of England perched above the waves

THE oddest thing about a seaside pier is the irresistible temptation which it presents to people to throw things overboard. A few do it for the sheer joy of watching something float away. Others even throw themselves in. My wife and I, owners and managers of Shanklin Pier on the Isle of Wight for thirty years, get constant reminders of this strange fascination.

Not long ago my wife heard a young couple arguing fiercely as they left the pier ballroom. Apparently the girl had been dancing with someone else. Her husband was jealous. "You had better watch those two," my wife warned me. "I think there will be trouble."

I followed the couple along the pier. Suddenly, before I could do anything to stop him, the young husband lifted his wife bodily into the air and calmly threw her overboard into fifteen feet of water.

I ran to a telephone to call for a boat and then hurried back to the pier railings. I was just in time to see the husband diving in, too. I threw them a couple of lifebelts. Hundreds of people gathered to watch as the husband, acting on second thoughts, tried to rescue his wife. Fortunately, the boat reached them quickly, picked them up and landed them on the beach. Without a word, they shook out their wet clothes, hailed a taxi and drove away. Two nights later they were back on the pier, eating a meal in the restaurant and smiling into each other's eyes.

It takes all sorts to make a world and I think we get them all. Everybody likes that feeling of being "aboard" which one gets on a pier, with the nearness of wind and sea and sun. I have always enjoyed mixing with people. The endless variety I meet on the pier is one of the biggest satisfactions of the job. If some of them occasionally give me a bit of a headache, there is nearly always a way of settling matters in a friendly fashion.

Bravado sometimes accounts for this quirk of throwing things overboard. One day last summer my wife saw one of the island's best-known citizens going from rail to rail cheerfully throwing deck-chairs into the sea. When she demanded to know why he was doing it, he admitted that he was trying to impress his girl friend. We charged him £7 for the missing chairs and he paid up quite happily.

As it happens, the currents round the pier flow to Sandown, farther along the coast. Later that day my wife telephoned a friend at Sandown and told him: "We have got some deck-chairs floating your way. Let us know when they arrive." Sure enough, we got them back.

During a carnival night two years ago a hotel proprietress met some of her guests on the pier. They stood near to a new hatchway which was being built in the decking; a canvas had been stretched over it as a temporary cover. In a spirit of fun, the guests lifted the proprietress and threw her bodily on to the canvas with shouts of "Into the sea with her!"

Unfortunately for them the canvas gave way and the woman dropped into the darkness below. There was an immediate panic as people rushed to the rails in the belief that she had fallen into the sea. In fact, she got bruised, but not wet. She had fallen twelve feet into a darkened hold. Brandy restored her dignity.

There must be quite a treasure trove in the sands below the pier. Money, jewellery, fire buckets and dozens of drinking glasses are down there somewhere. Quite often in the early morning I see beachcombers rummaging about down below while the tide is out. Last year my wife accidentally dropped a £350 diamond brooch into a waste bin which was later emptied over the side of the pier. We never found the brooch, but in the same week we did recover a lady's watch which had been dropped and was hanging precariously from a girder. It was returned to the owner before she left the pier.

We try to keep everybody happy, even though the tastes of some customers seem a little peculiar. We used to get regular visits from an elderly industrialist. He arrived at the pier every morning in his chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, walked to the pier head, laid out his fishing line, and told the chauffeur to watch it. Then he would retire to the bar. I warned him that he would never catch anything other than tiddlers, but he didn't seem to mind.

ONE lunchtime there was a big commotion. The chauffeur ran into the bar shouting: "Guv'nor, we've got one . . . we've got one!" The old man dropped his drink, ran to the line, and unhooked his catch. It was just four inches long, but he was quite happy.

It is not always so easy to satisfy customers. On one occasion an irate middle-aged man stormed into my office and declared angrily that the palmist had told him a lot of rubbish for his half a crown. I tried to calm him down, but when he left I feared that he was still a dissatisfied customer.

However, two years later the man came into my office again. "I take back all I said about your palmist," he told me. "The palmist prophesied that I would come into a lot of money. Well, I have won £3,000 on the football pools." Before the man left the pier he bought

Continued on page 33

Summer

Deck chair,
Bleached hair,
Brown grass,
Giggling lass,
Summer!!!

Busy bees,
Cornish teas,
Noses shine,
Feeling fine,
Summer!!!

Fast greens,
Tartan jeans,
Dry cough,
Rained off,
Summer!!!

Tarry roads,
Norfolk Broads,
Peeling backs,
Plastic macs,
Summer!!!

Firm sands,
Foreign lands,
Blistered heels,
Jellied eels,
Summer!!!

Summer sun,
Summer fun,
Summer skies,
Paradise!!!

JOHN R. TAYLOR

IN SHORT

Just Published

Dickie had drawn up a complete and detailed itinerary of their projected honeymoon tour. Edwina, at this stage, was decidedly romantic and would have preferred to wander from town to town, stopping in picturesque places as the spirit moved them. Dickie, eager to please her, gave in, and on their first night out of Paris they drove airily towards the south without having reserved accommodation anywhere.

By nightfall, travel-stained and tired, they tried to book a room in an hotel. There were no rooms to be had in the whole town, and finally a good-natured hotelier, taking pity on their plight, gave them a hot and airless attic furnished by a small and lumpy double bed.

So narrow was this bed that first Dickie fell out and when he had climbed back, speechless with rage, Edwina tumbled out. Finally, Dickie could bear it no longer, and until the grimy panes of the attic window were streaked with the morning light he lectured her on method and organization.

Edwina, biography of the Countess Mountbatten of Burma, by Madeleine Masson. Published this week by Robert Hale

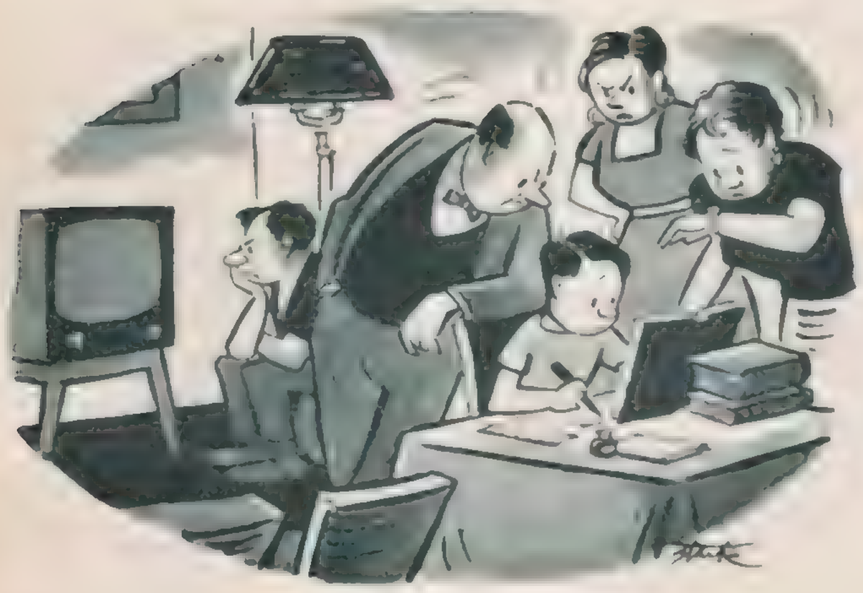
Foreign Affairs

Mrs. Vera Kostynuik, of Fort William, Ontario, decided that instead of spending her housekeeping money on beer for her husband's friends she would charge them for what they drank—and make a profit. Instead she lost 150 dollars. A court fined her that for selling liquor without a licence.

Couples in Irvington, New Jersey, going out for the evening are advised to ring the town hall and ask for a B.B.S. The latest degree obtainable in America, it means Bachelor of Baby Sitting.

When the local barber in Tanta, Egypt, died his two daughters, Widad and Azima, took over the business. Their main difficulty was dealing with the attentions of male customers, but now they've found the solution. When a client gets fresh they cut half of his hair—and leave it at that.

Starke's Guide To The Happy Home



"The distraction of television in any family which has children doing their homework can best be dealt with by switching off transmission altogether"

Half A Crown Admission

Personally, I'm tired of going through these old houses, but my husband's keen on them.

So's mine. He's still hoping to see a Thing chained up in the West Wing.

Imagine owning all this just because one of your ancestors knocked somebody off a horse.

Shouldn't think the present duke could knock the skin off a milk pudding. Suffers from falling coat, if you ask me.

I like *her*, though. I've seen her in the ads. Uses Velvo for all-over loveliness, so she says.

There was a bit in the gossip column about his mother. They took her to a cabaret, with girls kicking their legs about, and she made them say grace before they had any supper.

That's carrying it a bit far, isn't it? There's a petticoat worn by the first duchess. She had her money's worth out of it, I'd say.

It probably came back from the laundry with a note saying: "Kindly do not send this garment again."

Trouble with these places, they never show you the rooms you want to see. Wonder what sort of a fridge they have?

My Willie says they've got ITV as well as B.B.C. He saw the aerial.

I expect they have one of those bathrooms with water coming out of lions' mouths.

And a marble bath that's always cold when you sit down. You can have it.

Well, we're nearly through now. I don't suppose they serve tea in the stables?

No, and they won't even let you open your Thermos on the lawn. You don't really get much for half a crown, do you?"

E. S. TURNER

Taking Up The Jar

My wife puts up cherries
And peaches and berries
And beans and tomatoes with glee.
She's a wonderful woman,
With patience, acumen,
Forgiveness. (She puts up with me.)

RICHARD ARMOUR

Other People's Letters

I must not any longer keep you in ignorance of a very important step I have taken—one which will undoubtedly influence very strongly all my future life. I met, soon after my arrival at Cowes, a Miss Jeannette Jerome, the daughter of an American lady who has lived for some years in Paris and whose husband lives in New York. I passed most of my time at Cowes in her (Jeannette's) society and before leaving asked her if she loved me well enough to marry me; and she told me she did. . . .

I now write to tell you of it all, and to ask you whether you will be able to increase my allowance to some extent to put me in the position to ask Mrs. Jerome to let me become her daughter's future husband. I enclose you her photograph, and will only say about her that she is as nice, as lovable, and amiable and charming as she is beautiful, and that by her education and bringing up she is in every way qualified to fill any position.

Who wrote this letter? See foot of the column.

Words Of Wisdom

In 1931, the young manager of a factory in Sydney employing about two thousand people, I was elected to the Australian Parliament.

The day came when I had to say goodbye to the chairman of the company, Sir James Murdoch.

I can still remember his exact words, spoken in a strong and solemn Scottish accent:

"My lad, I only want to give one bit of advice that comes to me out of my long experience in public affairs, and that is contained in the motto above my chair, on the wall: 'In the hour of your greatest success—BEWARE!'"

It was sound advice.

SIR ERIC HARRISON,
High Commissioner for Australia

The letter above was written by Lord Randolph Churchill to his father, the seventh Duke of Marlborough, in August, 1873.

IF I WERE RUNNING TV

by SIR ROBERT BOOTHBY

Adventure's what we need, says this most controversial member of the television Cabinet. Let's send cameras ranging round the world—there is nothing so exciting as truth

SOME time ago Mr. Gerald Beadle, the B.B.C.'s Director of Television, announced that his aim was to provide the kind of television service needed by an educated democracy in the making. Since then I have been wondering what sort of television service an educated democracy really does need.

There are limits to the extent to which either the B.B.C. or ITV can force down viewers' throats the kind of programmes that they think the public ought to have. Demand enters into this, as it does into everything else. And the paramount demand, which must be met, is for entertainment.

This should, in my opinion, cover a far wider field. Television cannot do many of the things that can be done on films—which is one of the reasons why I think it is not as great a menace to the cinema as some people imagine.

A film such as *Around The World In Eighty Days* or documentaries which involve continuous action against frequent changes of background, surging crowds and spacious scenic effects are at present beyond its scope. The picture is too small.

On the other hand it can project individual personality with a sharpness that is, on occasion, almost painful. The cameras detect a lie with far more deadly accuracy than the most brilliant cross-examination.

In Britain we have not yet produced programmes to compare with Ed Murrow's *See It Now* and *Person To Person*; or a television personality as powerful and compelling as his. But we are coming on. I call to mind a fascinating occasion when the same questions were put successively to Nasser and Ben-Gurion, neither of whom knew what the other had said. And it is not without significance that programmes such as *Panorama, Press Conference* and *This Week* invariably enjoy high ratings.

What I want, and what I am sure the public wants, is more of the spirit of adventure and daring—and by this I do not mean brain operations. I would have liked to have seen Bulganin and Kruschev in action in India, and heard Nehru's reaction to them.

I would like to know, at first hand, something of the developments now taking place in China and Poland; what life is like in Peking and Warsaw; and how Chou En-lai and Gomulka view the future. I would also like to know, and to see, what is happening in Indonesia; and a bit more about what goes on here at home, where certain aspects of life are by no means as rosy as many people imagine them to be.

No form of entertainment can be more instructive, stimulating and salutary than fearless investigation, as Woodrow Wyatt recently proved in a memorable programme. Let us have more of it.

At the same time, there are severe limitations imposed by the medium itself. I have discussed this with experienced TV executives on both sides of the Atlantic; and not one of them has been able to suggest anything right outside the field which is already being assiduously ploughed.

The most ambitious programmes I have ever taken part in were those in a transatlantic series designed by Murrow. One of them consisted of Senator Knowland talking from Washington, Maurice Schumann from Paris, me from London, and Murrow directing the whole affair from New York.

I think it was quite interesting; but it had considerable disadvantages. For one thing, we all had to listen and talk to each other through telephones, which makes a bad picture. For another, it must have been prodigiously expensive, for it involved a chartered airliner flying television crews and films between Paris, London and New York.

So far as light entertainment is concerned the standard provided by British television is high. Sport is just about as good as it could be—whether it is racing, football, cricket, lawn tennis or athletics. Plays, when they are home-made, are also of an excellence unparalleled elsewhere. I can think of individual performances which have lingered longer in my memory than many I have seen on the stage—to take two examples at random, those of Miss Googie Withers in *The Deep Blue Sea* and, more recently, of Sir Donald Wolfit in *The Master Builder*.

Where I think both the B.B.C. and ITV fall down in this field is in putting too much emphasis on variety; and in importing far too many American shows—particularly films.

I am old enough to remember the days of Harry Lauder, Marie Lloyd, George Robey, Vesta Tilley and Little Tich, when variety was an expression—and by no means the least important—of the essential genius of the British race.

This phase was already passing when Sir Alfred Butt inaugurated the reign of revue. It was a theatrical revolution. As developed by Cochran and Charlot, the intimate revue became, in the twenties, as indigenous and basic a feature of our national life as variety had been, until it was in turn superseded by the musicals of Gershwin and Kern.

The old revues would have made wonderful television. But you can't go back. The tough modern American musicals are perhaps more appropriate to the times in which we live. And, by way of compensation, we have in this country today a galaxy of acting talent the

Continued on page 34

Now it was Primrose's turn to present an ultimatum. "If the Church won't marry us—then we shall marry ourselves!"

MADE FOR

by A. P. HERBERT

THE Archbishop of Canterbury was sorely troubled. His own god-child, Diana, the lovely young Duchess of Clowes wished to marry a handsome naval officer. But Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Drew had been married before—so the archbishop had to say no.

And he had to say no again at Hambone Hall, when old Admiral of the Fleet Lord Caraway invited him there to discuss the troubles of Lady Primrose, his dear, devout daughter. Primrose was in love with young Cyril Sale, and the local rector was refusing to marry them—because of Cyril's divorce.

But the admiral had a shot in reserve—a Parliamentary Bill suggested by Sir Ewan Harker, the veteran divorce campaigner, which would end the Church's stand against the remarriage in church of divorced people whose first partners still lived.

What made the archbishop's situation even more painful was the attitude of Dame Marion Marne, the gracious stage star he admired so much. Marion, who was Commander Drew's first wife, was threatening to clear the way for Diana by committing suicide.

Dr. Brayne sought earnestly to dissuade her. "Suicide," he said, "is a crime against God and man."

"Then you must prevent it," said Marion, presenting a gentle ultimatum. "You must marry Diana and Dan."

PART THREE

Dame Marion Names The Day

WITHOUT speaking, the archbishop looked into those big eyes, in which he thought he saw the threat of tears. With anyone else he would have thought of bluff, and thundered perhaps a few words about blackmail. But the dame did not affect him so. He thought she was entirely serious—but silly. Friendly cajolery, perhaps, would be best.

"Come, come, now," he said. "You have rich years before you. You will sing to me, often."

"I will wait till the next full moon," Marion said.

Why the full moon? the archbishop thought uneasily.

She spoke again, quietly; she was near to tears. "You're tired, dear gentleman. I won't pester you any more. Goodbye. My life is in your hands and I do know—after all—I want to go on living—very much."

Now she did cry and, turning, walked away quickly, her high heels noisy on the ancient stone. Dr. Brayne took one step to follow her, but it wouldn't do—an archbishop chasing an actress in tears.

He walked with stately calm back to the Hall, his hands behind his back, his eyes on the ground, his thoughts in a turmoil. What was he to do? Inform the police—ring up Scotland Yard? Impossible. It would be in all the papers next day, and he would be a comic laughing-stock—the Church, too.

When, by the way, was the next full moon?

He pulled out a small red diocesan diary. Today was May the twentieth. There had been a full moon on the thirteenth. The next would be on Tuesday, June the twelfth.

Well, it was something to be warned. He would visit her himself that day. He would put his chaplain on guard at his sister's flat, which was in the same block as Dame Marion's, with orders to follow her wherever she went. He made a large cross on Tuesday, June the twelfth, and scribbled "No engagements."

Meanwhile, he had twenty-three days; no, twenty-two—he had counted "Memo" as a day. Of course, he could tell her that her

The admiral stared at Primrose, hardly believing his ears. "A week, Father," she said. "I can give you only a week. We can't wait any more than that"

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

MAN

sacrifice would be in vain—that there were other impediments to the marriage: but that would not be true. The Church had only to say the word.

Why full moon? The moon and madness, they said, were close allies. That made the threat more dangerous still. On the other hand, there had been no bravado. This was no St. Joan going gaily to a stake. She wanted to live. She had said so.

Much could happen in twenty-two days. That was the archbishop's one comforting thought. . . .

Admiral Lord Caraway sighted Marion walking by herself on the west terrace and bore down on her. "I say, Dame Marion," he said, "what have you done to Canterbury? Sails flapping, sidelights flickering, he looked like a gone goose."

"I told him, Admiral, what I told you."

"Now, look here, Marion——"

"Dear Admiral. I'm tired. I don't want to discuss it any more. What time is dinner?"

"Eight bells. I say, what about a tot in the cabin before you dress?"

No sooner were they settled in the comfortable cabin chairs than Sir Ewan arrived, looking thirsty.

"Come in, Sir Ewan," said the admiral. "Have a tot."

"Thank you. I need one. Did I overdo it this afternoon, sir?"

"Not a bit of it," said the admiral. "This is war. Old Gas and Gaiters wouldn't give an inch of water. I'll squeeze him ashore if I can."

"I'll have a go at the draft of that Bill tomorrow."

"Thank you. Marion, you should have seen Sir Ewan running in under that old battle-wagon's guns. Shot for shot."

"I think," said the dame, "the archbishop is rather a pet."

"No doubt, my dear," said the admiral "So was Napoleon Bonaparte. Tell us how it would work, Sir Ewan."

"Well, I think there are three things—no, four. The first is to restore the common law right of the innocent parishioner to be married in his own parish church to another innocent person—that is to say, the parson would be allowed to refuse only if one of the parties had been the guilty party, so found by Her Majesty's Courts of Justice, which are pretty good.

"The second thing is to give the parson complete liberty of conscience, as the House of Commons intended. That is, he can marry even a technically guilty party, if he decides that there really wasn't much in it, or that he may in this way get a sinner back to the Church.

"Thirdly, if he refuses to marry a couple, he must—*must*, not may—permit the use of the church by a parson who's willing, if one can be found.

"Fourthly, we get rid of all this stuff about a former partner still living—'till death us do part' and so on. It isn't in the Gospels—it wasn't in the Act of 1857. It's crept in somehow, and I feel it ought to be flung out. One day we may get it out of the Prayer Book, but that can wait."

"I think it may have to, Sir Ewan," said the admiral dryly. "But look here, how do we head? This would mean that our petrified rector could marry Primrose without being bullied by the bishops?"

"More than that. It would mean that he would *have* to marry her, according to law, whatever the bishops said. She's a parishioner, Sale is innocent, and the existence of the former Mrs. Sale is considered irrelevant."

"By Jupiter!" The admiral stared and considered. "But this

would affect—not only Primrose—but. . . ." He turned his old blue eyes towards the dame.

"Yes, sir," said Sir Ewan. "It would apply to everybody."

"Sir Ewan, you're promoted. Plan approved. But what about time? Suppose we got it through the Lords. Where are we? Middle of May. Private Members' time in the Commons? Exhausted?"

"I'm afraid so."

"That's what I thought," said the admiral. "So we'd have to get the government on our side. And we shan't do that until we've softened the archbishop. *Ergo*, as the dagos say, we must continue to soften the archbishop. Correct, Sir Ewan?"

"Correct, sir."

"Make it so. I say, we're late. I say, I've had one too many tots. . . ."

AFTER dinner that night, when the two conspirators were back in the admiral's cabin, there was a knock on the door, and in came Primrose and Cyril Sale, looking grim and determined.

Like a couple of defaulters, the admiral thought. "Sit down, my dear," he said. "I wanted to see you."

"We'd rather stand, Father," said Primrose, and there they stood, hand in hand.

"What did the archbishop say, Father?" she asked.

"He said a lot, my dear, but nothing that was any good to you. He wouldn't budge. I'm sorry. We did our best."

"Thank you, Dad. I'm sure you did." She turned to go.

"But hey!" shouted the admiral. "Stand fast. Don't despair. There's a plan. Sir Ewan's got a Bill, and I'm going to fire it off."

"A Bill?"

"Yes, my dear. A Bill about the parsons. A new law. It would clear the decks for you."

"How long will it take?" said Primrose, still expressionless.

"God knows. There's no betting on a battle of this sort."

"I can give you a week," said Primrose firmly.

"You can give me what?" *Had the girl gone mad?*

"A week, Father. I can give you only a week. We can't wait any more than that."

"But steady—a week?"

"Next Sunday, if nothing's happened, I shall go away with Cyril."

"God bless my soul! Unmarried?"

"If the Church won't marry us, we shall marry ourselves."

The admiral stared. He could hardly believe his ears and eyes—the gentle Primrose, cool, calm; but mutinous, inexorable.

"But, Cyril," he stammered, "you wouldn't do this?"

"I don't like it, sir. But I shall do what Primrose wishes."

The admiral felt like a commander who sees ships sinking all about him. He stirred himself to battle on.

"But Primrose, you can't do this—you of all people—pillar of the Church—best girl in Britain——"

"A week, Father. Good night."

"Look here. I'll see the archbishop again. This week. I'll show him the Bill."

"It will do no good, Dad. But thank you. Good night." She kissed him.

"Good night, sir," said Cyril Sale sadly; and they departed.

The admiral stared at the door in stupefaction, for once at a loss for words. . . .

* * *

On Monday morning the iron gates of Greenhaven were opened and the duchess drove out, generously visible to a big skirmish of photographers. She waved her hand and gave them a bright smile, though some of the papers described it as "wan."

After a decent interval two more cars emerged, one with drawn blinds driven by a uniformed chauffeur, the other driven by a man with a beard. One turned right, the other left. Both were followed by an eager pack.

At the same time Daniel Drew, with the help of a builders' ladder and a rope, climbed over the high wall near the kitchen garden. Wearing an old raincoat and a cloth cap, he walked by the fields and woods to Little Ease, where he joined a Green Line coach and so proceeded to the outskirts of London. There he left the coach, put his cap in his pocket, and continued his journey by the Underground.

He walked to a Service club, which he entered by the tradesmen's entrance at the back. All this unkind subterfuge merely served to baffle the evening papers and put an unfair strain on their news departments.

The mornings caught their quarry at about 6 p.m. The lieutenant-commander drove up to his flat in a taxi, wearing dark glasses and a white wig. His head was bandaged and he walked with a limp to the lift, where the porter was standing ready. But *The Dawn* man spotted him, he was cut off, and a press conference took place in the hall. It was thus reported in *The Dawn* the next day:

DAN TALKS

Fresh from a weekend at Greenhaven, the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Grain, where the Duchess of Clowes was also a guest, Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Drew answered gaily enough some of the many questions which are in the minds of our readers.

Colonel and Mrs. Grain, he said, were old friends. Cracked he, it was a pure coincidence that the Duchess of Cowes was also there.

Did you enjoy your weekend? *No comment.*

May the public expect an announcement in the near future? *No comment.*

Was anything said about the visit of the duchess to Lambeth Palace? *No comment.*

Are you engaged? *No comment.*

Are you in love? *No comment.*

Have you any views on the propriety of second marriages? *No comment.*

Would it be fair to say that the subject did crop up during the weekend? *No comment.*

What are your plans? *No comment.*

The prisoner, at this point, made a dash for the lift and escaped. . . .

NEXT evening, Prudence Flock, assistant stage manager, was crouching in her velvet trousers over the prompt-book in the sacred corner. Dame Marion, dressed in dazzling white for the first act finale, stole up and stood behind her, smiling sadly as she watched the girl at work.

A song began—a song ended—an actor said: "You're telling *me*." Prudence pulled a switch or two, pressed three buttons and wonders followed—green light gave way to pink, curtains of gauze descended, a castle and forest rose silently and disappeared, a dungeon swivelled round and showed the courtyard of a palace, under a tropical sky full of stars, behind it. All was as complicated, as cool and orderly as the flight-deck of a plane. But Prudence, the dame knew, had rashly married a young man in the chorus, thinking, as so many had thought, that the play would run for a year.

Poor things, in four days now they would be in the wilderness again, "drawing their unemployment." *What a profession!* Marion thought. She slapped young Prudence on her velvet behind.

"Hallo, Pru," she said. "Cheer up. I'm ready."

"Hallo, ducks," said Prudence, beaming. Everybody loved the dame. "Half a mo." She flicked two switches and waved a hand to some unseen person aloft. The gauze curtain rose, bright light flooded the stage, and the chorus burst into song.

"Know who's in front?" Pru said, turning to Marion.

"No, dear. Winston? Queen Mother?"

"Jolly near. Archbishop of Canterbury."

"No!"

"Take a peep. Fourth row."

The dame crept out to the small square peep-hole. Yes, there he was, the golden cross on the purple breast, smiling, happy, in fact, positively

Scott Brown, the ace they tried to ban

by DON EVERITT

laughing. *Bless him!* the dame thought warmly. *If they were all like that!*

"It is, isn't it?" said eager Prudence. "D'you know him?"

"A little," said Marion.

"Will he come round? Do ask him. I'd adore to meet him."

This was amazing. "Are you a church girl, Pru?" Marion asked.

"I wasn't. Not till the wedding. But that service—it knocked me over."

"All right," Marion said. "I'll try, dear."

"Where," Mario, on stage, yelled for the second time, "is Donna Cristina?"

"My God! My cue!" The dame dashed on to the stage. . . .

A special messenger brought the dame's note to the archbishop during the first interval. *Lovely to see you here. Do come round after—Marion M.*

This was extraordinary, thought Dr. Brayne—it gave him a sense that he really was, in the old phrase, "a bit of a swell." He never felt like that at Convocation or in the House of Lords. There he had enemies on every side; here, among the mummers, here, from a painted lady, was a warm, sweet welcome.

But now, what a problem! In all his long life he had never visited a leading lady in her dressing-room. What would his chaplain, who sat beside him, think? The press, of course, would get hold of it. But would that matter? It was a clean, simple, sentimental, but wholesome play. He would not be ashamed to recommend it—and he did want a word or two with the dame.

He wrote on a visiting card: *Thank you. I should like to see the stage and scenery—Cantuar.*

That, he felt, made it look less like a personal assignation. His chaplain, though, who was dispatched with the message, was evidently dubious. He had never had such a mission before.

The dame thought that her guest must be received in proper style. The principal performers waited on the stage instead of scurrying to their dressing-rooms.

The house manager had been warned to collect and escort him. The dame, with the stage director, was at the pass-door. The chaplain had gone in search of the car. Royalty could not have been more thoughtfully tended.

The archbishop was introduced to all and passed a stately compliment or two. He gazed with childlike wonder at the strange new world.

The last scene was being dismantled and the first scene set for the morrow by many shirt-sleeved men. Huge pieces of scenery were being carried away, "flown" aloft or trundled about. The stage carpenter explained his difficulties, and protected him from fatal collisions. "Mind your back, guv'nor." Delightful. It was years since he had been addressed as "guv'nor."

At last he was left alone with the dame. She was beautiful, he thought, even in her unbecoming paint. But she looked tired.

"I enjoyed myself greatly," the

Handicapped from birth, a fearless Scots racer has proved he can battle for victory with the best in Britain

On the Silverstone motor circuit a green and yellow sports car fought for the lead in a race before a hundred thousand spectators. At a bend the driver tried to overtake his rival, but braked too late. The car hit the verge at more than seventy miles an hour and somersaulted off the track. It fell upside down clear of spectators.

As the trapped driver hammered his way out of the wreckage with his crash helmet, a small boy ran up and asked for his autograph. "Certainly, sonny," he said, cheerfully. "Just give me a minute to get out of here." The narrow escape from death had left him completely unruffled.

The boy watched fascinated as the man wrote with his left hand, crooking the autograph book in his right arm, which had no hand. The driver then hurried back to the race pits, climbed into another car and won the next race.

The new name in the boy's book, Archie Scott Brown, meant nothing in motor racing circles four years ago. Today it ranks among those of Britain's top half-dozen drivers.

The diminutive, jaunty Scott Brown has won more than forty races since he took up racing seriously in 1953. He has equalled or broken lap records at Goodwood, Brand's Hatch, Snetterton and Oulton Park. This year he won the classic British Empire Trophy for the second time in three attempts.

Two characteristics have taken the Flying Scotsman, as he is called, so swiftly to the front of the motor racing field: he has an ice-cool temperament and an almost obsessive will to triumph not only over his opponents but over a severe disability.

"In the tightest corners Archie seems unshakable," says Brian Lister, the Cambridge engineer who designs and builds the cars which Scott Brown drives. Lister recalls an occasion at the Snetterton track when a car leading a race spun on the hairpin bend immediately in front of Scott Brown.

He had the choice of running to safety off the far side of the track or of trying to take the lead through a narrow gap left by the other car. One moment it seemed that the cars could not avoid a disastrous collision, the next Scott Brown held an unassailable lead.

Another time at Goodwood the crankshaft of Scott Brown's Connaught broke and the car spun off the track at well over a hundred miles an hour. For fifteen laps he had led the field. The race marshals who ran to his aid found him sitting unmoved on the edge of the track.

His friends have often tried to disturb his self-control. After a dance in Cambridge one night he took a girl friend out to his car and strove for twenty minutes to start the engine before discovering that someone had switched the sparking plug leads.

When he pulled the starter of his car before a practice run at Oulton Park, a loud bang and clouds of black smoke erupted from a firecracker placed under the bonnet. But only once has a practical joke really disturbed him.

It happened when he loaned a car to friends after a race meeting. On the way back to Cambridge he saw the car with its front wheel in a ditch and bodies hanging out of the doors and sprawled across the grass verge. One of the bodies claims that Scott Brown blanched at the sight. He admits that "it had me worried for a moment. The car belonged to a firm I used to work for."

Scott Brown's mother, who dislikes racing because of its dangers, says that he has always had a calm and self-reliant nature. He was born with malformed legs and a right arm which ends in a stub, but, she says, "almost since he learned to walk and to feed himself as a baby I have never known him ask for help. And nothing ever seems to ruffle him."

In keeping with the rest of his temperament, Scott Brown has a dry sense of humour; his mother calls it pawky. When he first applied for a racing licence in 1950, he never thought the Royal Automobile Club would grant it.

He decided to try a little innocent deception, writing on his application form: "Fingers missing right hand." He says: "Broadly speaking, it was accurate without being too detailed. If they were to assume that perhaps I had lost only a couple of fingers, all well and good." Scott Brown got his licence.

He seems to have a complete psychological adjustment to his disability and thinks that motor racing has helped him to make that adjustment. "I suppose a psychologist would take one look at me and diagnose that winning races is a way of proving myself. I'm sure he would be right."

Public attention to his disability only upsets him when newspapers inaccurately describe him as one-armed. This so infuriates him that on one occasion at least he has instructed solicitors to secure a published correction from the newspaper.

He gave his supporters some anxious moments during the 1955 British Empire Trophy Race at Oulton Park. He led at the start of his qualifying heat, then Reg Parnell passed him. Everyone in the Lister pit expected him to "go belting after Parnell and cook the engine for the final." By now, however, hard experience had taught Scott Brown better motoring sense—"win as slowly as possible"—and he was content to qualify in second place. He won the final.

Scott Brown is an instinctive driver. His mother believes that his natural driving ability is a form of recompense for his disability. Most top drivers need lengthy practice to reach their best times. In a new car on a track unknown to him Scott Brown will achieve equally fast times in two or three laps.

On Boxing Day, 1955, he raced for the first time in a Connaught after only a morning's practice in the car. He won. At Snetterton when his own car broke down a friend invited him to take over a Jaguar XK120 at a moment's notice. Again he won.

Cornering and bad weather driving have earned him highest praise. The *Manchester Guardian* reported after one race that he steered "a remarkably straight course through a flurry of slithering opponents, showing how sound is the judgment of those critics who regard him as one of the most skilful drivers in the country." In many races he has shown his motoring ability—and earned the description "Archie the Giant-Killer"—by outstripping more powerful cars than his own.

He finds a close link between his ability as a racing driver and his schoolboy prowess in the slow bicycle race. He contends, seriously, that both sports have much in common. "I won the slow bicycle race in four successive years. I've always had a keen sense of balance. I can feel the moment a car loses its balance—and this allows me to correct a skid virtually before it occurs."

William Archibald Scott Brown derived his interest in motor racing from his parents, both of whom drove at Brooklands before the last war. Archie, who was born on Friday the thirteenth of May, 1927, but who is not superstitious, played with a toy car as soon as his malformed legs could reach and push pedals.

"I was a mad driver," he says. At

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Scott Brown meets a friend at a riverside pub. Born in Paisley, he now runs a Cambridge garage

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archbishop said. "The piece is charming, and you—were wonderful."

"Thank you. I'm so glad you liked it. It was a nice house tonight."

"They liked it too. Is it really the end? No hope of a reprieve?"

Marion shook her head. "Saturday. All over."

"Dear, dear. How sad!"

The stage was silent now, and he looked about him at the lofty scenery. All this elaborate effort—the work, he supposed, of many months and many minds—it was sad indeed to think that it could be killed so quickly.

"Yes, it's the end," his companion whispered.

He turned. She was gazing into the dark, deserted stalls, like a lover saying goodbye. Her voice, her face, were woeful. The archbishop felt cold, suddenly, with fear.

"You disturbed me deeply on Sunday," he said. "Especially your last words. I trust you put all that from your mind."

"Have you anything to tell me?"

He shook his head.

"Is there any hope? No, I mustn't worry you. Forgive me—Prudence!"

"Yes, Dame?"

Suddenly the extraordinary creature was gay again. She led him towards the prompt corner where Prudence was still at work, making up her official report for the night's performance. William, her husband, waited beside her.

"These two have just been married," said Marion. "Prudence, will you tell the archbishop what you told me just now?"

Prudence blushed and faltered: "Oh—I said that I never was a church girl, not till the wedding. But the service turned me inside out——"

"Me, too," said William.

"And now we mean to keep it up."

"You see?" said Marion softly.

The archbishop looked gravely down at the young couple. "Have you been baptized?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Confirmed?"

"No, sir"; and William shook his head.

"Kneel down, my children"—and there in the prompt corner, under the switches and buttons and batteries of lighting levers, he laid his hands upon them and blessed them.

Marion thought humbly, *I wish he'd bless me too—but who am I to be blessed?*

Then came the chaplain, to say that the car was at the door. The archbishop said goodbye. But he wished that he had blessed her too. . . .

Admiral Caraway swept into Dr. Brayne's study like a summer sou'-wester, boisterous but mild. "Morning, Canterbury," he bellowed. "I say, you've had a big success. My daughter Primrose is round the bend, and proposes to live in sin."

"I beg your pardon, Caraway?"

"Fact. If you won't marry them, she says, they'll marry themselves."

"Is this the young lady who, I think you said, is such a good member of the Church—my neighbour at that delightful luncheon?"

"The same."

"Dear me. How distressing! But, you know, Admiral, a good Christian does not lose faith at the first touch of the Christian discipline."

"That's what I tried to tell her, though I didn't know the code-words. Look here, I want to lay alongside and help you out of the hole you're in."

"Hole? We are not conscious of being in a hole, dear Admiral. We are standing high on some very strong rocks."

"On the rocks, if you prefer it—but you know what I mean. You've got my little Primrose at one end—you've got the big-wigs at the other. I promised not to open fire about them and I won't, though I see young Drew is being shipped off——"

"All that will pass," said Dr. Brayne complacently. "In a week or two it will be forgotten."

The admiral drew in his breath and stoutly defied temptation. He longed to say: *All very well, but suppose Dame Marion Marne destroys herself?*

But he had determined firmly to know nothing about that possibility, and he said instead: "Very well. Forget the big brass hats. But all over the country you've got thousands of little Primroses and little Cyril Sales. And you're losing 'em—the Church is losing 'em.

"I won't argue another single, solitary word: but here's a Bill, in draft, I mean to bring in in the House. If you come in with me, we could do a big thing together. If you won't, I'll have to sail alone. Read it now, if you can spare the time. It's only a draft, and, fair or foul, I'd like your opinion."

The archbishop, suppressing a sigh, began to read. But he hadn't got far into the preamble when he burst into jolly and genuine laughter.

"I seem," said Dr. Brayne, still chuckling, "to smell the hand of Sir Ewan Harker."

"None the worse for that," said the admiral gruffly. "Some of your fellows laughed at him before, you may remember. But he made his passage, and sank a ship or two."

"True—true—I beg his pardon."

Dr. Brayne read on carefully, but very slowly: for he was not only taking in the words, but measuring a threat, and debating a policy, a whole bundle of dilemmas. Should he take the thing seriously or laugh a little more?

Privately, he thought that there was a leaven of sense in the Bill—how much easier, for example, would be the bishop's life if these personal, local conundrums could all be left, as they used to be, to the local clergy.

In Parliament, especially in the House of Commons, where faithful churchmen were in a minority, the Bill, presented reasonably by popular figures, would have a strong appeal. If anything frightful occurred, if that crazy woman did jump under a bus, and left a will behind her explaining

why, the appeal would be tremendous.

But such extreme possibilities were not to be mentioned in treaty with the admiral. The admiral himself must not be laughed at, for he would steam ahead whatever was said about him. The best thing, Dr. Brayne concluded, would be to butter up the admiral and pour vinegar on the Bill and his ally.

So, at the end of his reading, the archbishop tossed the draft on to his table with a short contemptuous laugh. He then said heartily, before the admiral could explode again:

"My very dear Admiral, I have, as I hope you know, the greatest admiration for you, for your patriotic vigour, for your selfless devotion to the public service. And, however much we may disagree, I believe that you are a true friend of the Church.

"I wish I could say the same of Sir Ewan. Whatever he may say, I feel that he is an enemy of the Church, and a dangerous enemy. I am sorry to see you two together. Furthermore, though he has done good work in his time, he is not the man he was.

"This Bill"—he picked up the draft and dropped it again, as if it were a wasp—"is a pitiful thing, ill-drafted, inconsistent, impractical, quite impossible." He looked at the clock. "I have another appointment now, so I cannot go into details, but believe me"—he shook his head sadly—"it will not do. It will not do."

He pressed a button on his table. "I should hate, Admiral, to see you in a false position. It is your own affair—but I hope you will forget it."

He picked up the draft and sorrowfully dropped it into a wastepaper-basket. The door opened and the Archdeacon of Harroby came in.

The admiral said, "Well, thank you Archbishop," and withdrew, as he said later, "in a flat calm, all sails flapping."

"Come in, Archdeacon," said the archbishop. "Excuse me." He picked a document out of the wastepaper-basket and thrust it into a drawer labelled *Private*. . . .

BACK at his club, the admiral put through a call to Harker. "Hallo! That you, Sir Ewan? Caraway here. I say, I've seen old Tinkling Cymbal."

"Who, sir?" said Harker.

"Canterbury. You know—'Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels or something and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.'"

Sir Ewan chuckled. "Sounding Brass would be better."

"Make it so. Well, I have to report he laughed at me, laughed his lubberly head off. At least, he laughed at the Bill. He was all jam and chocolate to me, but a lot of snarly-stuff about you. Said I was getting into bad company. Ha! And then, by gad, he simply dropped our Bill in the refuse-bin. There's dumb insolence for you!"

"Did he indeed? Did he mention any details?"

"Not a word. He simply said it was a general pestilence. Then he ditched it.

"Still, we'll steam ahead. I'll see you on Saturday at Hambone. The dame's coming too. I say, you know what she said—that she'd take her life so that Drew could marry the duchess? I can't think she means it. What do you think? I can't make her out."

"I should say not," said Sir Ewan, "it was probably a rather pathetic bluff for Sounding Brass. And now he's called it."

"Well, you never know. We must watch her—all the time."

"I don't see how. . . . She's a lady."

"True enough. She has a shipmate—Hugh Creek. I'll ask him too."

"What about your daughter?"

"Primrose?" said the admiral. "I'll have her on the carpet. She'll come to heel."

"It struck me, if I may say so," said Sir Ewan cautiously, "that she had some of her father's—determination."

"No woman can hold a course." The admiral spoke with confidence. "Well, till Saturday. Keep your powder dry. It's war."

On Friday Daniel Drew rang up Marion to say goodbye.

"Dan," she said, "this is sweet of you. I'm so angry I can hardly speak. Dan, are you feeling terrible?"

"A bit low, Marion."

"And the poor girl?"

"I'm afraid so."

"What I don't understand—I mean, you really thought it might be all right?"

"Yes, Diana thought the Protestants were different. Then she went to see——"

"That old beast?"

"Our own fault, really," said Dan.

"No it wasn't. It's their imbecile arrangements."

"Well, there it is. Take care of yourself. Goodbye."

"Where are you going, Dan?"

"Near Portsmouth. Navigation."

"Are you going to see her any more?" said Marion.

"No."

"Dan—listen," Marion said urgently. "You're not to mope too much. I've got a feeling that everything's going to come out right after all."

"I can't, Marion. Not a hope."

"Well, cross those fingers. You'll see. Goodbye, Dan.'

"Goodbye."

The dame sat down and cried a little. . . .

• • •

Primrose and Cyril were walking through the wood from Hambone to church. Primrose walked quietly; then at last she sighed and said, "Cyril, darling, I'm afraid I've let you down."

"How, dear?" said Cyril.

"My idea was, you see, that we'd marry ourselves. I thought we'd get into the church at night—I know where he keeps the key—and say the whole service over ourselves. That's why I asked you to learn it by heart."

"I have," said Cyril. "But I don't quite see——"

"It's the words that matter, they say, especially the words that you and I say, and if we say them in the House of God, all by ourselves, they must be just as binding in the sight of God as if that wretched old man were there."

"Yes, but——"

"They do it in Scotland."

"This isn't Scotland, darling. You have to have banns."

"Banns are man-made. Christ said nothing about banns. Of course, we ought to have witnesses, and I thought we might ask the dame and Sir Ewan, they're both so kind. As a matter of fact, I told the dame about it last Sunday, and she thought it was a splendid idea. Only she thought we ought to invite the rector too and shame him into doing his duty."

"She didn't mean it?"

"That's what she said. And then, I thought, we'd leave a suit-case in the porch, and just drive to London."

"Darling!"

"But I've had a talk with Father."

"Did he bully you?"

"No, he was sweet. That was the awful thing. He said I could do exactly as I liked, and he wouldn't say a word; but, of course, if we went off like that we could never have the lodge by the lake to live in. And he's set his heart on giving us that."

"It would be nice."

"And then he said that he and Sir Ewan have got a really good plan—it's a new Bill. He showed it to me the other day. But if we go off, there'll be a frightful scandal and it might ruin everything for everybody. So he said one mustn't be selfish ever, so would we wait and give him a chance, and then if nothing happens we can do what we like. And he was so nice about it, I said we would. Do you mind, darling? I feel awfully feeble."

"No, darling," said Cyril, greatly relieved. "I think you were very wise."

"No, but I do, because I was quite determined, and now I'm not sure that I haven't been a fool. That's the worst of dealing with anybody like Father, they're so terribly clever."

Cyril had always understood that all the old folk were stupid: but he did not mention this. He took her hand and said, "Never mind, darling. We'll be all right somehow. . . ."

ON the drive down to Hambone Hall that Sunday morning Marion was very quiet, and Hugh Creek said scarcely a word, suspecting and respecting her hangover. The previous evening had been the last night of her show. Afterwards there had been a party.

Suddenly, near Witwash, she said, "Stop, Hughie, please."

He drew off on to the grass verge. Just ahead was the new by-pass bridge over the little River Swin. Not far above them was the old stone bridge, with its absurdly small round arches, and the absurdly steep curve that many a carter must have cursed.

The ancient stones were warm and satisfying in the sun. Between the two bridges the river widened into a pool, a screen of weeping willows on one side, a patient angler on the other.

Marion, her lips parted, gazed at the water for a few long minutes. "All right," she said at last, and her voice was sad. "Let's go on."

Hugh drove on, wondering. . . .

A few miles farther on she gave a little whoop of delight. "I've had the most wonderful idea," she said.

"Tell me," said Hugh.

"No, dear, I must think it over."

What was this? Hugh thought. Was she going to drown herself in the Swin? *Damn it*, he thought, *I'm taking her seriously after all.*

Ten miles later, she muttered, frowning: "No, it's a foul idea."

"For God's sake, Marion," said Hugh, "do tell me something!"

She put her hand on his knee. "I'm sorry, Hughie. But it's such a problem. Perhaps I'll tell you tonight. You and the admiral. Yes, I will. Promise."

For the rest of the drive they said not a word. . . .

• • •

After dinner at Hambone that evening, the dame was manoeuvred into the admiral's cabin, and there was a four-power conference—the admiral, the dame, Sir Ewan and Hugh Creek.

The admiral wasted no time. "Marion, dear," he said, "this is a court martial sitting in camera. There are three good friends of yours on the court, and the orders are that you promise to be a good girl.

"You know very well what I mean. We admire your motives, you're a splendid girl, but it won't do. What's more, if you don't promise now, I'm going to shut you up with a sick-bay attendant until you do. Understood?"

The dame looked round the little ring of solemn faces. "Well, dear friends," she said at last, "I've something awful to tell you." She paused. "I'm not going on with it."

She bowed her head in shame.

"Awful?" boomed the admiral. "My dear, the signal is 'Well done.'"

Sir Ewan thought, *That old admiral—right again.* What had he said? "No woman can hold a course." The stubborn Primrose, he gathered, had surrendered, as her father predicted, and now this brave dame had come off her high horse too.

Quite right—very good—but that was the sad way of the world. Thus, time after time, the bright adventurous spirit was extinguished. Perhaps even the admiral would give up presently. He thought not.

The dame might have read his mind, for she was saying, "No, dear, it's not well done. It *is* awful. I'm ashamed. After all my talk. But this morning, in the car, I had this wonderful idea. I'm afraid I drove poor Hughie nearly crackers."

"You are now, darling," said Creek. "What's the idea?"

"Well, you see," said Marion slowly, "I'm in the way. If I were dead they could be married. But wouldn't it be the same thing if I just—disappeared?"

To be continued next week

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COOKING—1

There are home-made dishes
that drive one from home.
Thomas Hood

A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

Wendy Hiller faces a war on blight

WENDY HILLER is soon to replace Celia Johnson in the play "Flowering Cherry." Meanwhile she feels worried by her favourite peach tree, sited on a south-facing wall in her one-acre garden at Beaconsfield. "I sprayed it before the buds were out, but it has leaf-curl: each year it produces less fruit. What is the remedy?"

Percy Thrower says:

Leaf-curl is caused by greenfly and other aphides, which can be destroyed by using an insecticide containing BHC.

Another serious blight is peach-leaf blister. Leaves which show pinkish-white blisters must be picked off at once and burned. Spray the tree with colloidal copper every two or three weeks in the summer, and with medela spray in the winter.

Because peaches are so often placed against a south-facing wall they tend to be starved of rain and should be watered thoroughly once a fortnight during the summer. A handful of a general fertilizer should be added to the soil round the tree in early summer and again in late July.

If a tree flowers but bears little fruit it is essential to assist pollination. I have done this by brushing a rabbit's tail attached to a stick gently across the peach blossoms; or you can use a camel-hair brush.

Nectarines and apricots require similar treatment, but leaf blister does not affect apricots.

OUT TO PLAY

by ELIZABETH MILNE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

THE child had found a piece of red-painted wood in the back yard and now, using it as a flail, he pounded rhythmically up and down the passageway, murmuring to himself as he went, "Hah, hup! That's for one, that's for two, hah, hoo!" *Crack, crack!*

The wall was only a brick and a half thick, and inside the house the sound came through as a monotonous thudding. The child's mother in the kitchen didn't notice it until the bed in the room above her creaked protestingly. Then her hands paused in their vegetable peeling while she listened. There was a lull, everything quiet. She dipped her hands into the muddy water.

Thud-thud!

"For peace sake," came her husband's voice. "What's he up to now?"

There was a quick, anxious puckering of her brows, but she called placidly over her shoulder: "Oh, let him be, Frank. He's got to play somewhere."

There was no reply, but the silence was full of tension.

Make him stay in the garden this time! Alison willed. But the regular thump became louder as the child marched once more along the narrow passage between the house and the shed.

The bed moved. She snatched her hands from the water and dried them hastily on her apron. "I'll tell him to stop. He'll be quiet with a book to look at."

"He'd be quieter with a wallop on the seat of his pants."

Hurrying, she reached the outside door as her husband came down from the bedroom, and glanced over her shoulder with an appeasing smile. "Get away—he's only a baby!"

"Look, Alison, I've got to get some sleep."

"I know." Her voice was warm and sympathetic. "I'm sorry, love. I'll deal with him. Go back to bed."

The man rubbed his right eye with the heel of a large hand. *Like a great baby himself,* she thought, with a sudden ache of tenderness; the change to night duty always upset him.

"Why doesn't he play on the lawn in the sunshine? It's a bright day—why doesn't he make the most of it?"

"Yes, I'll send him. Go back to bed now. You're dropping."

Wearily, Frank turned back to the bedroom and she waited to hear the bed move for a third time as his weight came down on it. Then she opened the door. "Gerry! Stop that noise!"

Silhouetted against the sunlight outside, the child turned his head towards her. His eyes were vague, hypnotized by the mesmeric stamp and beat of his game.

"Stop it, do you hear?" said Alison firmly. "Stop that banging! Daddy's trying to sleep."

The boy dropped his gaze to the piece of wood, turning it over between small grimed hands, and kicked a heel sulkily against the wall.

"Don't do that either!" She was ashamed of the irritation in her voice and softened it to persuasion. "Be a good boy, Gerry. I know—you can have a bag of crusts to take along to the ducks."

When she came back with the bag, he took it without a word and ran out into the street. She lingered at the door for a moment

Ice-cream and bus rides were Gerry's dream of heaven. How was he to know that even a fairy godfather can be crooked?

to watch him go. She was a neat, slight young woman, with a frown between her brows which gave her thin face a look of careful maturity.

Her thoughts were simple, disjointed and practical. Gerry was growing too sturdy for his coat, and there was no more to let out in the seams. He would be big like his father. He must have some new shoes, too. He was small to be going to the park alone, but there was only one crossing and he knew to wait until the road was clear.

Hugging her chilled fingers beneath her armpits, she went back into the house and closed the door.

Gerry stood on the edge of the pavement and watched the streaming traffic with fascinated brown eyes. He liked cars, but preferred buses because he knew more about them; the best seat was up in front where sometimes you could see the driver's face in the little mirror at the top of the window.

He began to count the buses as they swam towards him in the bright sunshine, but he had only reached four when the man spoke to him.

"Hi, nipper. Going across?"

Although he was crouched right down until his face, moist and pale, was on Gerry's level, there was a feeling of hurry about the man. His hands came out and roughly tugged and knotted at the child's shoe lace and, taken off balance, Gerry staggered. The man caught him and the boy's red stick clattered into the gutter.

"Haven't I told you, you'll break your neck over those laces one day," he said, and jerked the boy briskly forward on to the crossing; but half-way to the opposite kerb, Gerry screwed round in an ineffective struggle against the impelling clutch.

"My drummer," Gerry whimpered, "it fell."

"What? An old piece of wood? What do you want with that?"

They were on the other side; the impatient traffic was flowing and Gerry could no longer see the red stick.

"Want to go back," he whined.

"You don't. Not now. See, no grizzling and I'll buy you an ice-cream. Come on."

"I want my drummer," Gerry complained. But the idea of ice-cream was alluring enough to overlay some of his peevishness, and he looked calculatingly at the man from under faint fair brows. "Back for my drummer first," he suggested.

"Not on your life." The man's grip on his wrist was urgent and moist. He glanced down and then over his shoulder with one careful turn of his head. "What's in the bag, eh?"

GERRY resented being dragged along more quickly than he wished to go and showed his disapproval by dropping his head and pulling against the man's hold. The man gave a second quick glance down and backwards, then stretched his lips in a smile. "What about a little bus ride, eh? There's a stop on the next corner."

Gerry trotted along dubiously. "Ice-cream," he reminded.

"Okay. Have to find a caff, won't we?"

"In the park. Feed the ducks." The pace was shortening his breath, but for explanation he held up the paper bag.

"I get it. Well, I been a place where there's smashing big ducks, better than what you got in this park." Again the man glanced down, and this time laughed. "Cor, what big eyes you got, grandma. What's your name, kid? What they call you at home, eh?"

Gerry thrust out his lower lip and his rounded face flushed red.

"Sulky little devil, I bet. Can't you pick 'em up a bit?" They were passing the park railings and Gerry's feet dragged. "I told you, didn't I? We're going to a bigger park with a shower of ducks."

"Where?"

"On the bus. I told you."

With shattering unexpectedness, Gerry burst into noisy tears. "Want my drummer—want to go back. . . ."

The man's teeth snapped together and he muttered under his breath. A passing woman turned her head and smiled sympathetically. When she was safely by, he lifted Gerry in his arms and said: "You want that ice-cream? Then shut up!"

But Gerry would not be carried. His body doubled and plunged, then snapped straight and rigid as he slid down, kicking, inside the man's grasp. The paper bag tore and dribbled out a few pieces of loaf-crust to the pavement, and smears from a piece of bread and butter daubed the lapels and buttons of the man's raincoat. When he noticed them, he swore and rubbed at the marks with a dark silk handkerchief, while Gerry, his tears temporarily arrested, watched him with solemn curiosity.

"Okay, snotty," said the man. "No more of it, see? I've had just about enough of you. . . ." Then, as Gerry's mouth wavered and went down at the corners, he added hastily: "Next shop we come to, I'll buy you a stick of candy, eh? Or chocolate—what about chocolate, eh?"

"Ice-cream," said Gerry.

There was a new note in the repetition which brought up the man's head. A cream and blue tricycle was wheeling sedately along the kerb. "Oy!" He straightened and signalled. The ice-cream vendor halted beside them and opened up his freezer. "Give him a cone, mate."

As the man dipped in with his scoop, he grinned at the child slyly. "Had the watering-cart along here, I reckon."

The man jerked a shoulder tolerantly. "Ah, you know what they're like. Always howling."

The ice-cream man nodded. "I got one like that. Proper little animals, ain't they? Now, sonny, make up your mind, which hand are you having it in?"

Gerry looked worried, and the man with him breathed hard and exclaimed impatiently: "Chuck it away, can't you? Bag of mouldy old bread," he added in explanation. "We're visiting the duckpond."

"The p'liceman," Gerry said suddenly, "the p'liceman saw my red drummer. My big red drummer."

The ice-cream vendor grinned again and shut down the lid. "Makes sense to you, I reckon. Can't figure what's going on in their heads half the time."

"Oh, he lost a slat of wood back there. Goes on as if it was the Crown Jewels." The man licked his lips. "Ta again—come on, half-pint, here's the bus!"

He scooped up Gerry and ran to the stop, swinging on to the platform as the bus pulled out into the roadway.

"I know where you want to go—Kingdom Come, kid and all," the conductor remarked affably. "Don't do it again, chum, I suffer something awful with me nerves." He lounged forward to take the fare. "Bit of a do down the road."

"What's that?"

"Stick-up. So they say," the conductor added sceptically.

"Go on!" The man pushed Gerry's hand away so that a melting drip of ice-cream fell to the floor.

"Straight! Taking a chance, I call it—broad daylight and ten o'clock in the morning. You'd think there was easier ways of knocking it off."

"What happened?"

"Couple of blokes bust into a junk shop . . . well, jewellery and that; some good stuff or they wouldn't 'a' done it. They shoves a gun at the old bloke what runs the place and loads up with rings and diamonds and stuff. Only somebody seen 'em at it, see, and the coppers got on to it and they had to scarper. One of them made it in a car, but the other beat it round a corner with half the flatfeet in the station after him."

"He's had it, then."

The conductor cocked his head considerингly.

"If he got the breaks. . . . Them quick blokes, you got to hand it to 'em. Half a chance and they pull a raft of tricks to take 'em into the clear. Busy street, plenty of traffic, crowds of people walking about—it's like tracking down a needle in a haystack. Nip round a couple o' corners and where are you?"

"Oh, the coppers'll put the finger on 'em all right," said the man. "Bound to, descriptions and that."

"Not if they kept their faces covered, like this lot, and wore ordinary sort of clothes."

"Masks, had they?"

"Well, sort of. The one what run away had a silk handkerchief over his face and a raincoat same as what anybody would wear. It's what I say, give him the breaks in the first couple of minutes, and I wouldn't take odds on them ever catching up with him. Blimey, what a way to make a living, though, eh?"

He pushed himself erect, pulled down the peak of his cap and lurched back to the rear platform.

THE man moistened his lips and put a hand into his pocket. Then he shifted uneasily in the seat and sat hunched forward, rubbing his palms together between his knees.

They were in the front seat. Gerry stood on tiptoe to stare into the driver's cabin, and in the intervals of licking noisily and enjoyably at the ice, made buzzing mechanical sounds with his white-ringed mouth.

In the suburbs they changed buses. Gerry had never before been on so long a journey, but his energy and interest did not begin to flag until, with the early dusk, a light spring fog came down to mist the windows of the bus and throw back his own reflection, and that of the man's slumped figure, into his sleepy staring eyes. After a few more minutes in a lolling daze, his head fell crookedly against the man's arm and he was asleep.

He woke to a change in motion. He was being carried along on the man's shoulder and, although there were plenty of people and lights and the noise of traffic all about them, he was frightened by the strangeness of being out in the night. He stirred and whimpered.

"What is it now?" By this time the voice was as familiar to him as his mother's, but there was no comfort in it.

"Go home," he sobbed.

"You've said it," the man grunted. "That's what we'll do—you and me both."

Gerry was too weary to cry, but he kept on with a monotonous, complaining moan. "Home, go home. . . ."

The man walked doggedly, occasionally heaving the dozing boy higher in his arms. Once or twice he took short cuts by quieter streets, and once he turned into a narrow, black lane between a cinema and a restaurant. At the other end more theatre lights beckoned, but the man, with a peculiarly watchful casualness, side-stepped into a dark doorway and paused. Gerry

"I'm having no part in dealing with a pinched kid," Ada said. "Now you just take him back where you got him from"

slept. The lane was empty and quiet.

After a few moments, the man slipped silently across to another doorway, climbed some stairs and tapped carefully on the door at the top. When it opened, he sighed, thrust his hat back from his face and walked in.

"Never thought I'd make it, did you?" he challenged, and dropped the child on to a dusty, plush sofa.

"Well—what's this?" The man who had opened the door came forward slowly, and the boy, surprised once again into uncomprehending wakefulness, stared back at him in pouting uncertainty.

Gerry's companion unbuttoned his coat and sprawled in a chair. "The sixty-four thousand question, that is," he remarked, and threw a glance at the woman. "Let's have some chuck, eh? I tell you, I can do with it."

"Where's the kid come from?" the woman said.

"First things first. I'm hungry."

"Where'd you get that kid?" she repeated, and for support looked sharply at the other two men in the room.

HE glanced at them, too; then shrugged. "I picked him up. I been playing happy daddy the whole ruddy day, and I've had it, I tell you."

"Picked him up!"

"Where?"

"What's it matter, where?" he threw back angrily. "I pulled it and it came off and here we are. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," one of the men agreed. "Except you got to get him back where he came from. And quick."

"Better than quick!" the woman emphasized. "Snatching a kid—are you crazy? When did you do it, anyway?"

The man tightened his lips furiously and flung himself up out of the chair. "When the bloke I was with lit out like a rocket," he said dangerously. "That's when. That was quick, if you like."

"It was smart," the first man corrected. His voice was quiet and, in the sudden, thick silence which followed his words, Gerry's unheeded whimpering died on a frightened breath. "You want to be a bit smarter next time, boy," he advised smoothly.

"Okay, okay!" Gerry's companion flicked a match to the floor and, cheeks hollowed, drew deeply on the smoke. "Okay, I'll watch it. But I got here, didn't I? Took a bit longer, that's all."

The tension eased a little. The woman crossed to place a kettle on a gas ring.

"How'd you do it?" The first man leaned over Gerry and tickled his knees; the boy drew up his legs and burrowed into the corner of the sofa.

"The coppers split up to go different ways round, see? It was stretching it a bit to expect to jump a taxi in that half second, so when I spotted the kid hanging around at the crossing I grabbed him and walked off like I'd never heard of a copper in my life. Like that." He snapped his fingers. "I walked back on the park side of the street——"

"Walked back?"

"Why not? I didn't know nothing about no raid. I was taking the kiddy to see the ducks, that's what I was doing." He drew on the cigarette again. "Then we got on a bus. This kid would ride on a bus all day. That's what we been doing, riding on buses, round and round, till it got dark and I reckoned it was safe enough to make for back here. What about the stuff?"

"Safe. Ada's got it."

The woman came across with cups. "Never mind that," she said. "What about the kid?" She looked at the first man anxiously. "I don't like it, Sid."

"No," he said. "But it's easy enough. Ted takes him back to the place and drops him there."

"What for?" Ted was ready to argue. "He can talk, can't he? If he's picked up by a copper, they might get something from him to tie up." He dropped the end of his cigarette on the floor and trod on it. "Besides, around there, his family might be out looking. What if I'm spotted with him?"

"That's easy. You found him."

"What's wrong with keeping him

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here for a couple of days till the heat goes off. . . ?"

"I thought that was coming." The woman faced him, hands on hips. "I'm having no part in dealing with a pinched kid. Now you just take him back where you got him from. All this is out of my class. I don't like it."

"You don't like it! Well, then, I suppose we can drop him anywhere so long's we lose him."

"You do that," she threatened scornfully, "and I shop you myself. What's wrong with you? Look at him, no more than a baby. Take him back and give him a chance to find his way home."

Ted glanced at the first man, who nodded. "There's too many disappearing kids," the man said. "It's a dirty racket."

"Okay, I'll get rid of him." He stood up and jerked the belt of his coat angrily around his waist. "What about the car?"

"We're working on the re-spray."

"So it's the bus again, eh? Cor, next time I'll hire a blooming bus to myself, see if I don't!"

He plucked the boy from his seat and slammed noisily out and down the stairs. Resentment burned like a cinder in his mind, and he vented it by cuffing Gerry vindictively when he would not keep still in his arms. Gerry screamed and kicked, but by the time they boarded the bus his noise had been reduced to a tired wail.

THE man sat staring malevolently from the window, his memory reviving old grudges and adding them as fresh fuel to his rage. This wasn't the first time he'd been left with the can. The Cohen fur job—who had to jump for it on the roof that time? That lot was worth more than six hundred—but there'd been only a mouldy ninety-five for him, and a bust elbow for luck.

The same this time, running like a dog with the whistles blasting off behind; and, when he did get himself out with a neat bit of craft, what's the score? "You want to be a bit smarter next time, boy."

But he was smarter than they knew. They might have twisted him out of a straight cut once, but not this time. Not all the stuff was safe with Ada, not the two big sparklers he'd whipped off the tray while the other bloke was sweating away nice and smart to the car.

His lips moved bitterly as he jerked his collar round his chin, took up the tear-stained child, and left the bus. He walked rapidly along the thronged pavement towards the blinking orange globe of the crossing; but, when he reached it, he hesitated. Too risky to dump the kid and walk off in this crowd. Somebody would be after him before he'd gone a yard.

He slid the boy to the ground and waited uneasily, keeping a hold on his hand. It was like trying to lose a parcel of rubbish, he thought irritably, only it looked a damn sight queerer when it was a kid.

He stared viciously at a woman who had turned her head to glance at them. Then, as the traffic halted, he pulled the child across the road. He was beginning to sweat.

"What about getting home, eh?" he remarked absently, and Gerry reeled exhaustedly and wept: "Ho-ho-home" in time to his reluctant, trotting steps.

The man said sharply. "See, you got to go home, see?" He walked faster, working his fingers out of the child's grasp. "Beat it, will you? Off you go—get lost!" He was free and lengthening his stride. Gerry, not knowing what else to do, jogged after him perseveringly. "Home, go home. . . ." One or two heads were turning. A woman's voice exclaimed: "The little mite—shame. . . ." A man checked in passing and threw out a hand. "Hey—you there. . . ."

"Me, mate?"

"That your nipper?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"I ought to know."

A woman thrust her head between them. "You was with him."

"I took him across the zebra, that's all. Never saw him in my life."

"Well, if that's it . . . who is he, then?" Not looking at any of the faces, he shrugged.

"Is he lost?" The woman leaned down. "Where's your mam, lovey?" Gerry recoiled and groped for the man's hand. "Well, it's funny. Seems like he knows you well enough."

Some of the stored venom spilled out. "Or you got too close. Kids scare easy."

"Eh, did you hear that? What he said. . . ."

"Now then, move along, please. . . ." The little knot of people eddied in response to authority, but not sufficiently to provide an opening for escape. "If you please, sir. Move along there. . . ."

The pair of helmets, the burly blue shoulders dispersed the outer fringes of the group and finally broke through to its core.

"Well!" The sergeant stared. "Look who's here, Frank."

The constable tightened his mouth and squatted down to take the child fiercely into his arms. "Gerry . . . my God, where've you been? Where've you been all day?"

For the first time that day a smile grew on the child's face, sweet and worshipping.

"I've been in a bus, Daddy," he replied. THE END

© *Elizabeth Milne, 1958*

"Oh, you're awake"

Kimathi had lost all his men, and his woman. Now he was alone—for his last desperate days of freedom

Our teams close in for the kill

THE HUNT FOR KIMATHI · 5

by IAN HENDERSON

Nderitu caught up with Kimathi and Wanjiru. He raised his *simi*, but as he did so Kimathi turned round and fired

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BERRY

DURING September 15 and 16, 1956—the first two days of our new operation—we made no contacts, and one of our men was injured by a rhino. But all of us felt that our hunt for Dedan Kimathi, the most dangerous and elusive of the Mau Mau terrorist leaders still at large, was nearing its climax.

Months of operations against him had cut down his band of fanatical followers to only seven men and Wanjiru, his woman. Now, searching the eastern slopes of the forest-covered Aberdare mountains in Kenya, where we knew he was in hiding, we had twelve teams of ex-terrorists. All of them were battle-hardened; all of them had renounced Kimathi and transferred their loyalty to the Security Forces, of which I, in the Special Branch of the Kenya Police, was a member.

On September 17 our luck improved. Beside a small muddy pool near Ruhuru-ini our men spotted the toe marks of a single terrorist, who had drawn water the day before. All approaches to the pool were ambushed in the hope that he would return.

As the ambushers lay there, troop after troop of baboons came down to water. Then, round about two o'clock in the afternoon, a lone terrorist was seen approaching the pool, where several baboons were still drinking. The animals saw him and snarled and barked, but refused to give way.

For several minutes the terrorist, who might quite easily have passed for a baboon himself with his long hair and dirty, brown skin coat, threw stones and sticks at the animals to try to frighten them away, but each time he attacked, two or three of the larger baboons rushed at him and chased him back into the forest.

After the ambushers had watched the conflict for some time, they crept up behind the terrorist. He was concentrating so hard on his argument with the baboons that he did not notice them until the last moment. By then it was too late.

That same day the tracks of three men were picked up by another of our groups not far from Wuthering Heights, at least thirty miles to the north-west, and these were followed to a spot which served the terrorists as a letter-box in the Mwathe sector. As our men arrived, they caught a glimpse of the three terrorists leaving it. Unfortunately our men were also seen and in a split second the Mau Mau had darted away.

Fanning out into a long line, the teams sped after them. After running three or four hundred yards, they saw the terrorists on the opposite side of a valley, climbing up the steep slope. Some of our men raced on after them, but others stood on the high ground and shouted across the valley to some imaginary colleagues: "Stay where you are. They are going straight for you."

This bluff worked. Two of the terrorists must have been so busy running that they did not hear the shouting, but the third stopped suddenly, looked up at the top of the hill for a few seconds, then turned right and charged down into the valley again. Here he collided with our men, who dived at him. For a few moments he fought like a cat. He had been grabbed by five or six of our men, most of whom were cut with his *simi*, or were severely bitten on their hands, and he only gave up after somebody hit him hard on the head with a Patchett gun's magazine.

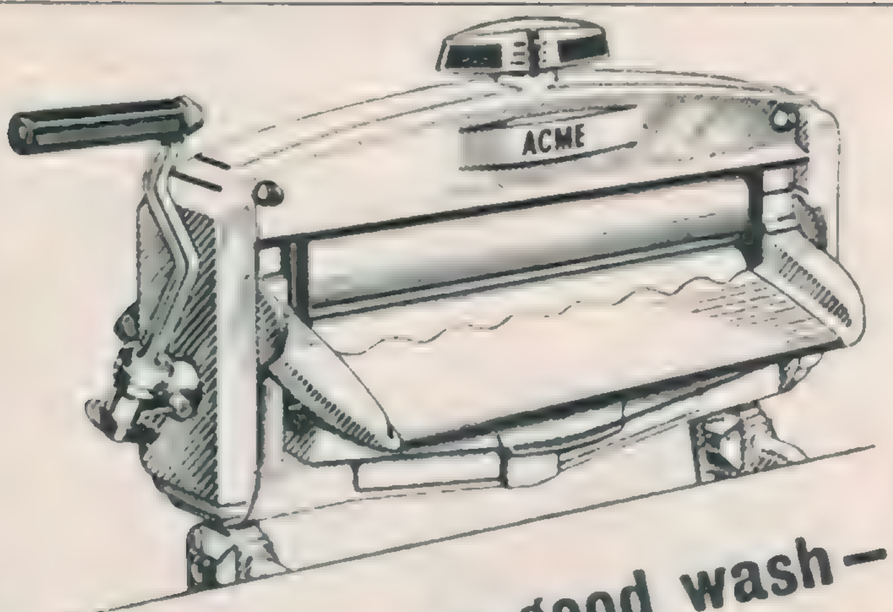
Mbaka is the Kikuyu word for cat and this, appropriately, was his name. It turned out that he and three others, one of whom was the unfortunate wretch being chivvied by the baboons, had been sent off by Kimathi three days before to look for new trapping wires which the gang needed badly. They had gone to examine the wreckage of an aircraft east of the National Park Track, where they hoped they would be able to remove some of the electrical wiring. They got to the scene of the crash without mishap, but when they examined the crumbling mass of metal from a safe distance, they thought they saw a booby-trap and left the scene hurriedly.

They had not gone far, however, before they were charged by a rhino with calf, and all four terrorists ran in different directions. Mbaka and two others had found each other again, but the fourth terrorist, at the pool with the baboons, had still been looking for his companions when he was captured.

With two more of his gang accounted for, Kimathi was now left with only six followers. There was his treasured woman, Wanjiru; his two favourites, Gitahi and Maragua; and there were three others for whom he had no special affection—Ngunyi, Kondi and Seven Kar.

In the Mwathe and the Tree Tops Salient, Kimathi had three operative letter-boxes, and by the end of September we knew them all.

One of these would probably not be used again as some of our collaborators knew it well, but



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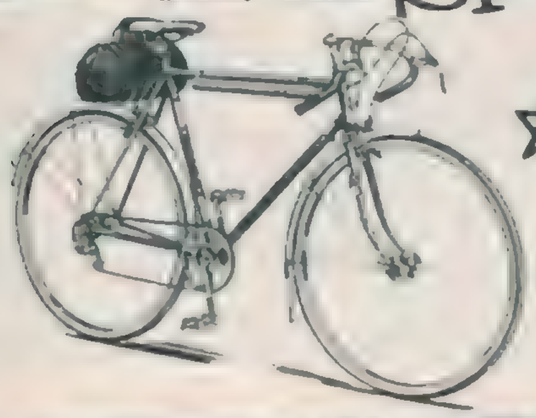

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the others were almost certain to be used if the gang was split up and wished to communicate with one another.

Kimathi also had two *thitoo* or food stores, both deep in the forest. One was in a cave beside the Muringato river, but Kimathi knew that it was now empty. The second, however, was newly-dug under a large fig tree in the Ruhotie valley.

We knew that nobody would build a food store in the forest unless there was food to be stored in it. We knew that Kimathi had not obtained food from outside the forest, for we would have found his tracks along the forest edge. So we presumed that his traps were now paying dividends and that he was, at long last, getting so much meat that he was able to dry some for storage. Where, then, were his traps?

The area north of the Ruhotie valley was too close to the farming country of Mweiga; the area to the west of this contained many giant forest hog and was therefore equally unsuitable; the land to the east towards Nyeri and the Polo Ground was a poor trapping area, as the forest was sparse and buck wandered about willy-nilly instead of keeping to set paths; but the area to the Ruhotie valley was excellent for trapping at this time of year and it was, we

COOKING—2

Cooking is like love. It should be entered into with abandon or not at all.

Harriet Van Horne

noted, close to his new store. That was where we would look.

Then there were his prayer trees—*mugumo*, or wild fig trees, in front of which he would stand and pray to Ngai, the traditional Kikuyu god, for victory. By discounting all those known to terrorists captured from his gang, we were able to eliminate all but nine.

This analysis gave us fourteen key points where we would look for Kimathi—two letter-boxes, two food stores, nine prayer trees and a trapping area. Our hunting ground was narrowed to fifty square miles of forest.

On the last day of September our whole force was withdrawn from the forest to prepare for a final major effort to begin on October 7. This operation was given the expressive code-name "Hot Scrum." Hour after hour details of the plan were discussed and re-discussed. The rains were due again and it was imperative that we should establish ourselves beside the fourteen key points before they broke. We knew that if we moved through the forest in force after they had started, our tracks would be seen, and Kimathi would know that we had found his key points.

By the night of October 7, all preparations had been completed, the weather was still fine and we were ready to move. A long convoy of vehicles, all covered with tarpaulins to keep the terrorists hidden, pulled out of our base at Mayfield and set course for the Aberdares, which we reached after dawn so that the lights of the vehicles would not be seen from the forest above.

This time two main base camps were set up, the first deep in the forest on the Kinaini river and the second high up on the edge of the Moorlands in an area called "Karandi ka gitaraini." This name, something of a tongue-twister for the wireless operators, we changed, in view of the early morning conditions up there, to "Frost Camp."

From our two camps our force set out early on the morning of October 9. There was a team for each of the nine prayer trees, another for each of the two letter-boxes, one for each of the food stores and four for searching the trapping area south of the Ruhotie valley. In addition, another five teams were used for odd tasks such as ambushing known gang routes and watching various springs where it was thought Kimathi might be drawing water. One reserve party was held back at the camps, ready to move off at a minute's notice.

This operation would make us or break us. We knew that if we failed to account for Kimathi this time, he would disappear for many months, probably for years, probably for ever.

Our span of life, operationally speaking, was about two weeks. After that, the region would be so full of our tracks that Kimathi would undoubtedly abandon it for good, knowing that a major force had been thrust against him and that his favourite haunts had also become our favourite haunts. Once he realized this, once he realized we knew his fourteen key points, he would certainly vanish. He might travel into Tanganyika or Ethiopia. He might even commit suicide.

By the night of the ninth, all our teams had reached their destinations. The next few days passed all too quickly without further developments and with each day my anxiety mounted. Why and where was Kimathi lying low?

We were beginning to wonder whether the fourteen key points really were going to provide us with a lead to Kimathi when, on the afternoon of October 15, events took a sharp turn for the better. Round about midday, a single terrorist from Kimathi's gang came to the letter-box between the Muringato and Itha rivers and put a letter in the old beehive. An hour later the team covering this point found the letter in the hive.

It was in Kimathi's own handwriting and read: *I am still where you left me and you must come back when the store is full.*

It was quite clear that some of Kimathi's gangsters were away collecting food for storage. It was also clear that if we could find any of them, they would know exactly where we could find him. At the time it also seemed reasonably sure that Kimathi was somewhere nearby.

Having put the letter back in the hive, two men were left in ambush while the rest of the team set off to follow up the lone terrorist's tracks. They eventually arrived at Frost Camp many days later, after travelling nearly forty miles through the forest on a false trail.

Other developments were soon reported. Half a mile south of the

Young Love

by Francis Newbold

As evening lay dreaming on tall stack and steeple
We waltzed through the city of sky-larking towers,
Down streets paved with gold, where the wonderful people
Had nothing but kindness and faces like flowers.
The bells rocked their spires—oh, the wild bells went mad for us!—
Ev'ryone loved us and no one was wrong;
Cripples and beggars and old men were glad for us,
Not one was sad for us, we were so young!

At dusk, when great moths sped like ghosts through the gloaming
And stars hung their lanterns on blossom-white boughs,
We trysted and kissed in the eaves-dropping orchard,
The moon and the nightingale witnessed our vows.
We swore we would love till the sky cracked asunder,
We vowed to be true though the earth fell apart—
Weatherman's warning of distant thunder
Cautioned in vain Youth's impetuous heart!

"You're not listening to me, or you would have contradicted me by now"

Ruhotie river, there is a swamp thickly covered with water-plants and tall *ithanji* reeds. While two of our men were edging their way through it, they thought they heard a rifle being loaded —the sound of a bolt being snapped forward and closed. Thinking they had run into Kimathi, both our men immediately blazed away into the reeds.

They heard a splash and they saw the tall reeds shaking farther over to their left. Cautiously they advanced. But a few steps farther on they heard something bubbling in the water. They looked down and saw Gitahi, Kimathi's most trusted veteran, who had been shot in the back and was now lying half-submerged in the water.

They dragged him out and questioned him. There had been three terrorists in the reeds—Seven Kar, Ngunyi and himself. They had left Kimathi, Wanjiru and Maragua three days before, many miles up the mountains while they had come down to trap buck and store meat in the newly-made food store.

Gitahi was immediately talkative, probably because he was half-drowned, and agreed to lead our men back to Kimathi's hiding place. No effort was made to search for his two companions. They would probably make for the beehive letter-box where two of our men were already waiting. If they did so, all would be well, for they would be caught there, but if they rushed straight back to Kimathi and reached him before we did, the position would be most serious.

It was a race against time. Fortunately our two terrorists were sufficiently intelligent to realize this, so half-carrying, half-dragging their wounded prisoner, they made off as fast as they could for Kinaini base camp. Only three hours were left before nightfall.

A strong team was quickly prepared. The assault had to be planned and the siting of supporting teams had to be decided.

While Gitahi's wound was being dressed, runners were sent hurrying off to contact all the teams by the letter-boxes, the food stores and prayer trees to tell them to move in beside their key points and ambush them. Other runners were sent to recall those teams ambushing forest paths and water points well out of range of Kimathi's position. A third group went off to recall the teams looking for game traps.

As far as it is humanly possible to know a forest well, we knew the area where Kimathi had been reported. The bamboo there was so thick and interwoven that a noiseless approach was physically impossible. It was a place where his enemies could not creep up on him without being heard. He would probably hear us and run for it, but then he too would make a noise—a noise which we could follow.

We left one man in Frost Camp and one in Kinaini; all the others, including the sick, were mustered and armed. Within half an hour of Gitahi's arrival our transport was grinding up the mountain with accelerators hard down on the floorboards. At the 9,400 ft. mark, the main assault team, led by the ever-faithful Gati, dropped off and disappeared into the forest with Gitahi bouncing up and down on a stretcher. A little farther on, we sent off three two-man teams to ambush three fords that Kimathi might use.

The time was exactly 6.16 p.m. when the last team took up its position. Twenty-six miles had been covered since the vehicles left Kinaini camp; twenty-six miles up a rough, mountainous track in one hour and ten minutes.

That night was certainly one to remember. Laurie Pearse and Jim Stephen, both of the Kenya Regiment, were lying in ambush at one of Kimathi's favourite crossing points when they were almost trampled by a rhino which came up on them so quickly and silently in the darkness that they first saw its massive black form a few yards away.

Opposite Ruhuru-ini hill, a team of two terrorists became entangled in a pack of African wild dogs. For several minutes there was a great deal of growling and snarling.

An otter bit the heel of one of the men on the Chania river ford and the single terrorist left on guard at Kinaini, feeling somewhat hungry, ate a tin of car polish, thinking it was butter.

Meanwhile our assault team had problems of its own. After leaving the vehicles, Gati's team had carried Gitahi on the stretcher only a short way before they found they could not get it through the tangled mass of bamboo, so they threw it away and lifted Gitahi on their shoulders. But Gitahi soon found that this was too uncomfortable and, despite his wound, decided to walk, which, incredibly, he did.

Just before darkness fell they got within one hundred and fifty yards of Kimathi's hide-out. There they halted while Gitahi stretched out his arm and pointed out its rough position to them. They could not see the hide-out itself but they could make out the clump of bamboo beside it quite easily and that was a good enough pin-point. Leaving Gitahi behind, the team split up. After praying for a few seconds, they rushed the hide-out from three sides.

It was empty. Kimathi had moved house.

Huddled together round Gitahi, who was shivering from cold and shock, the team reviewed the facts. Soon they came to the conclusion that they had been rather stupid ever to suppose that Kimathi would be there. In the team were four terrorists who had once belonged to Kimathi's gang. They now recalled many previous occasions when Kimathi's had left letters saying he was in a given place whereas, in fact, he had been *in the vicinity*. That was what he always meant—he was never to be taken too literally—and it would be up to his men to search for him.

This time, they thought Kimathi was probably expecting Gitahi, Seven Kar and Ngunyi to look for him anywhere in the bamboo belt within two miles of the hide-out.

Leaving three men in the hide-out to deal with Seven Kar and Ngunyi if

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they arrived, the rest of the team with Gitahi, set off again. They had not gone far when Gitahi suddenly dropped to the ground. Like a row of skittles, everyone behind him fell down and lay still. Gitahi swung his left hand slowly round behind him and clawed at the soft earth with his fingers as a signal to Gati to creep up beside him.

"*Kabuci Kau*—there's the hide-out," he whispered.

Gati raised his head slightly and peered through the bamboo. There, about thirty yards in front of him, was a buckskin coat hanging on a branch and three cooking sticks jutting out of the ground below it.

For several minutes the team lay completely quiet to see if they could hear anything moving about, but all was silent. Then they crept forward, some going round the side, others round the back, until they had surrounded the cooking sticks.

Once again, the hide-out was empty. But this time there was a difference. Stuck away under a little bush was a heap of newly cut *thabai*, or wild nettle, and an old pot; beside this was a leg and the ribs of a buck; near the entrance were two skin bags and a tattered army blanket, farther over, beside a bed of flattened grass, were two rusty tins—Kimathi's cups.

Looking around more carefully, Gati found two lengths of trapping wire rolled up neatly on sticks and placed at the foot of the "bed." And under the *thabai* was Kimathi's Kikuyu bible, the only book he had not burned. Here lay Kimathi's worldly wealth, with the sole exception of his revolver and the leopard-skin jacket which he wore.

Our men spread out to wait for Kimathi's return. They were confident that at long last his day had come.

When Kimathi did not return to his hide-out by dawn on October 17, Gati's team split into two groups. One half waited at the hide-out; the other began a search of the surrounding forest. By now, five other teams that had arrived at Kinaini camp shortly after day-break were being rationed, briefed, and brought round through the forest to close in on the Mihuro area.

Then, to our delight, a heavy shower of rain fell over most of the eastern Aberdares. We knew that this would obliterate all the tracks we had left in the forest during the previous eight days. It would also make it very difficult for Kimathi to break away from Mihuro without leaving tracks.

Soon there was more good news. All three of the buck traps laid by Gitahi, Seven Kar and Ngunyi many days before were found and removed by our men. We knew that when this phase of operations against Kimathi began, his gang had seven trapping wires. The removal of these three in the Ruhotie valley and the discovery of the two in his hide-out left him with two. If these were found, he would be unable to trap and this would force him to seek food in the Kikuyu Reserve. This, in turn, would expose him to the Kikuyu Guard, the regular Security Forces and all the other dangers that beset a terrorist who leaves the forest. His only alternative would be to visit the new food store under the large fig tree in the Ruhotie valley—but there we were already waiting for him.

THE rain had barely stopped, the forest was still dripping, when members of a team led by one of our men named Ruku were shot at. They did not see their enemy, but they had no doubt who it was. Spreading out quickly, they raced forward, but after running two hundred yards Ruku trod on a stump and badly injured his foot. He fell and his men ran on out of sight. He was left alone, far behind, bandaging his foot with a strip of dirty cloth.

As he was sitting there, he realized that he was not alone. Rising to his feet, his bandage still only half tied, he looked around. At that precise moment, he saw Kimathi walk out of a thick clump of bamboo and start across a small clearing about thirty feet away.

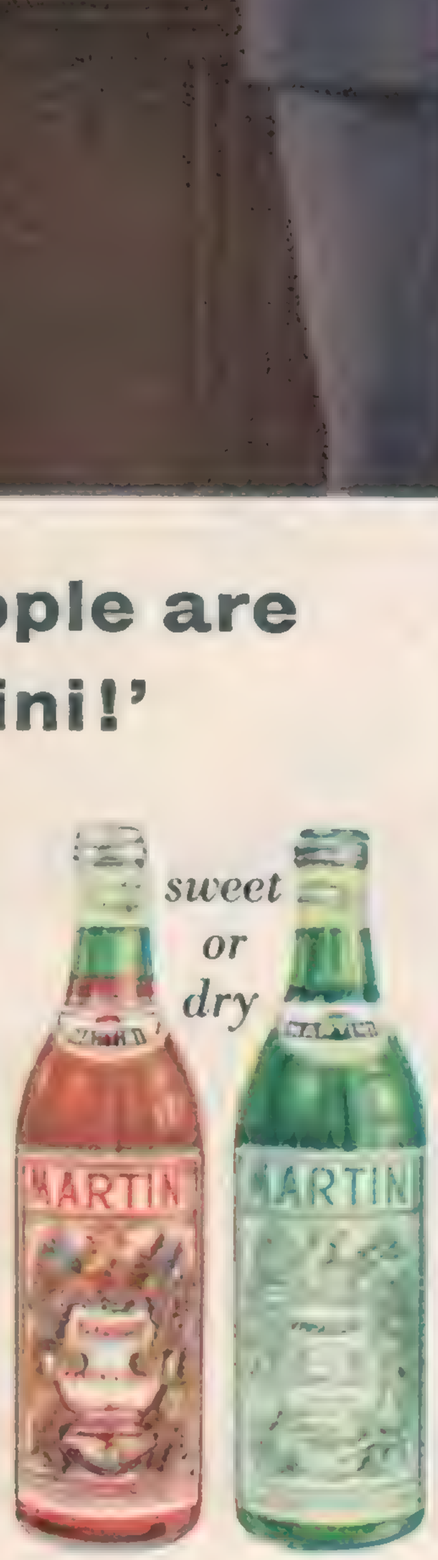
For a moment Ruku could not believe his eyes. Then, he nervously lifted his Patchett sub-machine gun, aimed at Kimathi's moving body and squeezed the trigger. There was a loud click as the bolt sprang, but the weapon did not fire.

Kimathi turned round, looked straight at Ruku, and instantly put his hands in front of his face as though to shield his eyes from a burst of bullets. Ruku grabbed the bolt of his gun and drew it back to reload, but Kimathi was already running for cover.

Ruku aimed again and pulled the trigger, but still the weapon did not

'So many people are saying Martini!'

'I've noticed it more and more, lately. People used to take ages making up their minds . . . *Now* they say Martini. Then I give them my special smile, like I did to you Sir, and I say "Sweet or dry? With gin or without?" and *they* say "Just by itself!"—just like you did. It's mostly the good-looking quiet ones, Sir.'



MARTINI

fire. Seconds later, Kimathi had disappeared. With a heavy heart, Ruku limped away to rejoin his men. Dumbfounded, they listened as he told them his story. They stripped his weapon to find out why it had failed to fire, but they could find nothing wrong.

We had never disputed the fact that Kimathi was abnormally lucky, but this was the last straw. After many months of toil and hardship, we had finally got him within our grasp, staring into the muzzle of a loaded sub-machine gun, and yet he had escaped unscathed.

The effect of this mishap on the rest of the terrorists in our force was easy to foresee. They would have been convinced that he was immortal. Some would have regarded the incident as a sign of Ngai wanting him to remain alive. Fortunately, very fortunately, events followed this one in such quick succession that nobody had time to brood. At 2 p.m. some of Gati's men heard Kimathi's high-pitched voice call out: "Who is there?" He was standing about forty yards to one side of a trap, hidden in the forest.

One of our men shouted back: "It is us."

"Who?" shouted Kimathi abruptly.

"Seven Kar," said our man. But Kimathi would have none of it, and as he took to his heels he shouted to Wanjiru: "Mother of the Gods, be caught by yourself!"

With Gati's team chasing them, Kimathi, Maragua and Wanjiru ran through the forest. Then there was firing ahead. They had bumped into Gacheru's team coming up from the Zaina valley. Gacheru shot at Maragua. Gacheru saw him fall as though wounded, then rise and run on, carrying a rifle. Gitero fired a long burst at some shaking leaves, but it was one of Gacheru's men.

Everything was happening quickly. Friend and foe were jumbled together, firing indiscriminately at everything that moved. Then Kimathi was seen again. He was standing behind a bush as one of our men named Mugo ran out. Kimathi shot with his revolver at point-blank range, but missed. Mugo shot back, but Kimathi had already slipped behind a tree and was off through the undergrowth.

Ruku's team, who had been following Kimathi's tracks and getting closer and closer to him, heard the running gun battle and raced up to join in the mêlée. Within minutes they too saw Kimathi for a split second, shot at him, missed and then chased after him.

Nderitu, from Gati's team, armed with only a *simi*, caught up with Kimathi and was about to slash him down from behind when Kimathi turned and fired at him. The bullet passed through Nderitu's skin coat, grazing his stomach. He fell back, too shocked to go on.

Then Maragua broke away from Kimathi and was seen climbing a steep cliff, dragging his rifle along the ground by its muzzle. Bullets kicked up the earth round him, but he reached the top and disappeared over the brow.

A few yards farther on, Wanjiru fell exhausted and was captured. She swore at her captors, spat at them, bit them and kicked at them as they bound her. Most of our men also were tiring with the hot pace and they crowded round her, but a few raced on.

Now Kimathi was alone. Like a frightened buck, gifted with that extra strength which only the fringe of death can provide, he fled on through the forest. The chase continued for another two miles. Now and then our men heard Kimathi ahead, but he was drawing away from them. For the last time he vanished into the forest.

That evening, Wanjiru, wearing a dirty buckskin garment and still bleeding from bad cuts on her legs, was brought to Kinaini camp. She was not unattractive—she had, after all, been chosen by her master from all the hundreds of Kikuyu girls who went into the forest at the beginning of the emergency. There were scars all over her body which bore witness to the terrible life she had led in the jungle.

All that night at Kinaini camp we tried to decide what Kimathi would do now that he was alone. We thought he might go back to his hide-out to collect the food and some of his possessions. The hide-out was already ambushed. He might go to his food store in the Ruhotie valley. We were already waiting for him there. He might go to his letter-boxes to look for Gitahi, Ngunyi and Seven Kar. We were there, too. He might go to a prayer tree. We were watching every one that he was likely to visit.

He would be hungry, and unless he tried to find food in the places where we were already waiting for him, he would be forced to take the biggest risk of all—to go alone to steal food in the populated Kikuyu Reserve. But that was the only course for which, apart from suicide, we had, as yet, no solution.

We needed Wanjiru's advice. At what point along the forest edge would Kimathi enter the Kikuyu Reserve when hunger forced his hand? Wanjiru knew her Kimathi well and we knew he would confide in her far more than he would in any of his men.

Three female terrorists in our force were first put with Wanjiru in the hope that she would give them information, but despite many hours of talk, she would not co-operate with them.

"There is nothing," she repeated, "which would make Kimathi go near the reserve."

I tried myself, but it was no good. She refused to look at me. As she spoke she gazed at the ground. She refused to eat or drink anything because, as she said, "You might have bewitched it."

As a last resort, Gitahi and some of Kimathi's old guard were sent off to talk to her in a quiet, secluded place. By day-break her old comrades had won her over. She named two possible places on the forest edge where Kimathi was most likely to cross into the native reserve. Instead of being stubbornly loyal to her master as she had been the evening before, she had suddenly come to hate Kimathi. This was a typical example of Mau Mau psychology. For hours, or even weeks, a hardened supporter of Mau Mau will lean one way with utmost stubbornness, resisting every argument and every new idea, then, suddenly, some minute factor produces a fantastic change and the victim leans the other way, often with equal stubbornness.

The two places on the forest edge where Kimathi would cross were, according to Wanjiru, a point opposite the Kikuyu village of Kihuyo in Tetu location, or a point near the Zaina river. As we could not risk putting our own terrorists at either of these places for fear that they would be shot at either by the Security Forces or the Kikuyu Guard, we had no alternative to calling up conventional forces to cordon the forest edge at those two vital points.

We sent an urgent signal to Nyeri, early on the morning of October 18, asking for help, and within two hours Colonel Eric Hayes-Newington, Operational Staff Officer at Provincial Police Headquarters in Nyeri, arrived at Kinaini base camp. He brought with him a letter of encouragement from the Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Lathbury.

That night, units of the King's African Rifles and Kenya Police took up ambush positions on the forest edge opposite Kihuyo village, while units of Tribal Police and Tribal Police Reserve formed a stop line along the forest edge between Njogu-ini and the Zaini river.

Kimathi's movements after his escape from the fight at Mihuro show very clearly that he, too, knew his end was near. At about 4 p.m. on October 18, after travelling non-stop for just under twenty-eight hours and covering a distance of almost eighty miles, he collapsed within half a mile of the forest edge at Njogu-ini.

After dawn on the nineteenth, he made no effort to leave the forest edge. He crept along the fringe, eyeing the Kikuyu working in the Tetu location, until he reached a point where he could look down on Karuns-ini, the place where he had spent much of his youth. All day he sat, but as night fell hunger drove him on. Before the moon rose he crossed the deep ditch on the forest edge which had been dug earlier in the emergency to stop food carriers taking supplies to the gangs in the forest, and for the first time in more than forty months he set foot in the Kikuyu Reserve.

He stripped some sugar cane and a few unripe bananas from a nearby plot and darted back to the forest to eat them. Our ambush parties should have spotted him but his luck had not quite deserted him.

By the morning of October 20 several of our teams were moving on the forest edge, as by this time we had found the place where Kimathi had collapsed near Njogu-ini and it was clear that he was somewhere along the edge.

Events were now largely out of our hands, and late on the morning of October 20 I left the Aberdares and flew down to Nairobi. That afternoon my wife and I were presented to Her Royal Highness, Princess Margaret, at a garden party at Government House. It was, as the Americans would say, quite a contrast.

I had planned to spend forty-eight hours in Nairobi and return to the forest at dawn on October 22, but Kimathi's luck did not hold out long enough for that.

After wandering silently along the forest edge on the twentieth, he again crossed the ditch that night. Again he passed our guards, who did not see him in the darkness, and again he stripped some foodstuffs from a small plot, this time deeper in the reserve.

But at 6.30 a.m. on Sunday the twenty-first, as he was sneaking back to the forest with the food he had stolen, he was seen by a party of six

JACK WARNER

(B.B.C. TV's Dixon of Dock Green) was asked these questions on CRIME AND THE POLICE. Can you beat his score?

(Answers on page 33)

Challenge the Famous

1 *Are there any crimes in England for which bail is not allowed?*

Yes, murder. I don't know of any others.

2 *Everyone is familiar with the measured tread of the policeman on his beat. What is the usual speed at which he walks?*

I should think it is about two and a half m.p.h.

3 *What was the Bertillon System?*

Bertillon was a French police officer. I think he devised some system of identification of criminals before the fingerprint system was used. I'm not sure what method he suggested.

4 *What is the Flying Squad?*

The Flying Squad is a squad of police officers who patrol the streets in cars and are ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice.

5 *How many people are needed to start a riot?*

I'll have a guess at this one. I should say three people are needed.

6 *Roughly how many murders are committed each year in this country?*

I should guess that in Britain there are between 125 and 150 murders a year.

SUBURBIA

Concrete, bleached white,
Reflects a painter's light;
Trees, healthy, groomed and neat,
Nod like good neighbours on the street.

Red post-box waits
By white-enamelled gates;
Jewelled herbaceous border
Promises beauty, law and order.

Rumours of war
Blare through the open door,
But at the syringa's top,
Careless, two mating thrushes hop.

DOROTHY STRINGER

Aid digestion
by chewing Wrigley's Spearmint
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
Chewing Wrigley's Spearmint after meals aids digestion naturally . . . and its lively flavour freshens your taste.
HEALTHFUL · REFRESHING · DELICIOUS
E 107/8

Kikuyu Tribal policemen, just as he was recrossing the ditch. While trying to climb out of the ditch into the forest, he was challenged by a Tribal policeman named Ndirangu Mau.

Kimathi ran down the ditch. Ndirangu fired three shots at him. Two missed. The third knocked him down.

Kimathi got up again, climbed out of the ditch and rolled into the forest. He could not get far and almost immediately he was found, still wearing his leopard-skin coat, lying under a bush a few yards inside the forest. He had been severely wounded in the thigh. His revolver was found strapped to his body under his skin jacket. Kimathi was taken first to Ihururu, then removed to hospital in Nyeri.

A strong cordon of police was thrown round the Nyeri hospital, not to prevent Kimathi's escape, but to stop crowds of angry Kikuyu, whose sons and daughters and mothers and fathers had been murdered by his fanatical followers, from dragging him out and tearing him limb from limb. . . .

And so the hunt for Kimathi ended. He was hardly a political figure, but he was a criminal of the first rank. It was appropriate that he should fall at last to a party of Kikuyu Tribal policemen, representatives of that gallant body of tribal loyalists who had stood firm with government and decency when the star of Mau Mau seemed to be rising.

After visiting Kimathi in the hospital at Nyeri, I went straight back into the forest to unwind our operation and stand down what was probably the oddest army that ever fought for Queen and country in the history of the British Empire. . . .

It seems that of all Kimathi's prayer trees, those *mugumo* trees to which he had made his pilgrimages in search of his god Ngai, there was one which had attracted him more than the rest. It stood in the part of the forest which Mau Mau called Kahiga-ini, and it was an enormous tree with a huge trunk and heavy, hanging branches which reached almost to the ground. It had stood there for many years, probably since the turn of the century.

Now Gati's team came over to make its last report—the *mugumo* tree had fallen.

Kimathi was operated on and later removed to the Nyeri prison hospital, where a platoon of the Police General Service Unit mounted guard over him. As the days passed his condition improved steadily and within three weeks he was passed medically fit to stand his trial.

The case was heard by the Supreme Court of Kenya, sitting at Nyeri. It had a magnetic influence upon people of all races in the colony. Every day the courtroom was crowded with curious spectators who were anxious to see what Kimathi looked like.

The hearing lasted many days, and in a hushed courtroom the judge ultimately summed up the evidence. Then three African assessors gave their opinions. They were unanimous in finding that Kimathi was guilty.

Finally the judge found Kimathi guilty and sentenced him to be hanged. The prisoner showed no emotion. It had been a fair and thorough trial.

Kimathi was then removed from Nyeri prison and taken under strong escort to the main Nairobi jail.

There he remained while his appeal was argued and dismissed. There, four and a half months later, he was executed.

THE END

© *Ian Henderson and Philip Goodhart, 1958*

"The Hunt For Kimathi," by Ian Henderson with Philip Goodhart, is being published as a book by Hamish Hamilton, price 21s.

COOKING—3

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a star.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin

The paintings that fetch millions

Continued from page 8

little of the vast wealth they created. From the time when Manet first challenged the official *salon* in 1859, other painters ostracized them for their revolutionary treatment of colour. The public condemned them as immoral and socialistic. Though a few such as Monet and Renoir became prosperous, most died in poverty.

Vincent Van Gogh painted more than seven hundred pictures in his ten years as an artist. Recently, one of them—"The Factories At Clichy"—brought £31,000. But in his whole life, he sold only two—for a few francs. Before shooting himself in an asylum, he lived on charity from his brother.

Gauguin, whose total production is now valued at more than £1 million, died in poverty and disease on a South Pacific island.

The Impressionists' attitude to their work did not help their sales. They sacrificed everything for their art, but when a picture was finished, many of them just cast it aside. Cézanne, who had tried in vain to sell his paintings for £4 (large) and £1 12s. (small), eventually lost all interest in them. After spending eighteen months on the £30,000 "Old Woman With A Rosary," he put it under the coal-scuttle by his stove. His neighbour, Gasquet, rescued it, miraculously uninjured.

Degas' attitude was equally uncommercial. His studio was packed with paintings which he could not bear to part with. When he did so, he would often get them back because he thought they needed more work.

On one occasion he bought back from a client six canvases with which he was dissatisfied for the promise of four new works. Thirteen years later, the client had to take him to court. Degas had been able to bring himself to hand over only two instead of the four promised.

Degas, like several other Impressionists, sold some of his work to a far-sighted dealer called Paul Durand-Ruel. Unable to sell the pictures in Paris, Durand-Ruel opened a gallery in New York where the new school quickly became popular. In the early years of the century, Renoir's paintings were already selling for £500. American art-lovers seized their opportunities. One collector, Dr. Albert Barnes, amassed 150 Renoirs and once bought seventeen Cézannes in a single day.

The English were less enthusiastic. When the Grafton Galleries put on an exhibition of Cézannes, Van Goghs, Matisses and Gauguins in 1910, a critic wrote: "There are more shocks to the square yard than at any previous picture show in England. It is paint run mad." Such a reaction is one reason why more than two-thirds of all Impressionist pictures are now in American hands.

Today the wheel has turned full circle. In Britain, as in America, the Impressionists are the popular favourites. "They're our bread and butter," says the manager of a firm which publishes a wide range of reproductions. Such subjects as Van Gogh's "Bridge At Arles," Renoir's "Moulin de la Galette" and Degas' "One Dancer On Stage," sell hundreds of copies a year—at an average price of £2 10s.

Impressionist art books pour off the presses. A new Impressionist biography appears almost every year. The lives of both Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec have been turned into films. Gauguin's life of vivid squalor inspired Somerset Maugham's best-seller *The Moon And Sixpence*.

As for the pictures themselves, one dealer said: "If you brought me a Raphael, I would have trouble selling it. But let me have a Renoir"—he looked at his telephone—"and I'll dispose of it in fifteen minutes." THE

We bought ourselves a pier

Continued from page 15

me a drink and paid another visit to the palmist to see what else he could learn about his future.

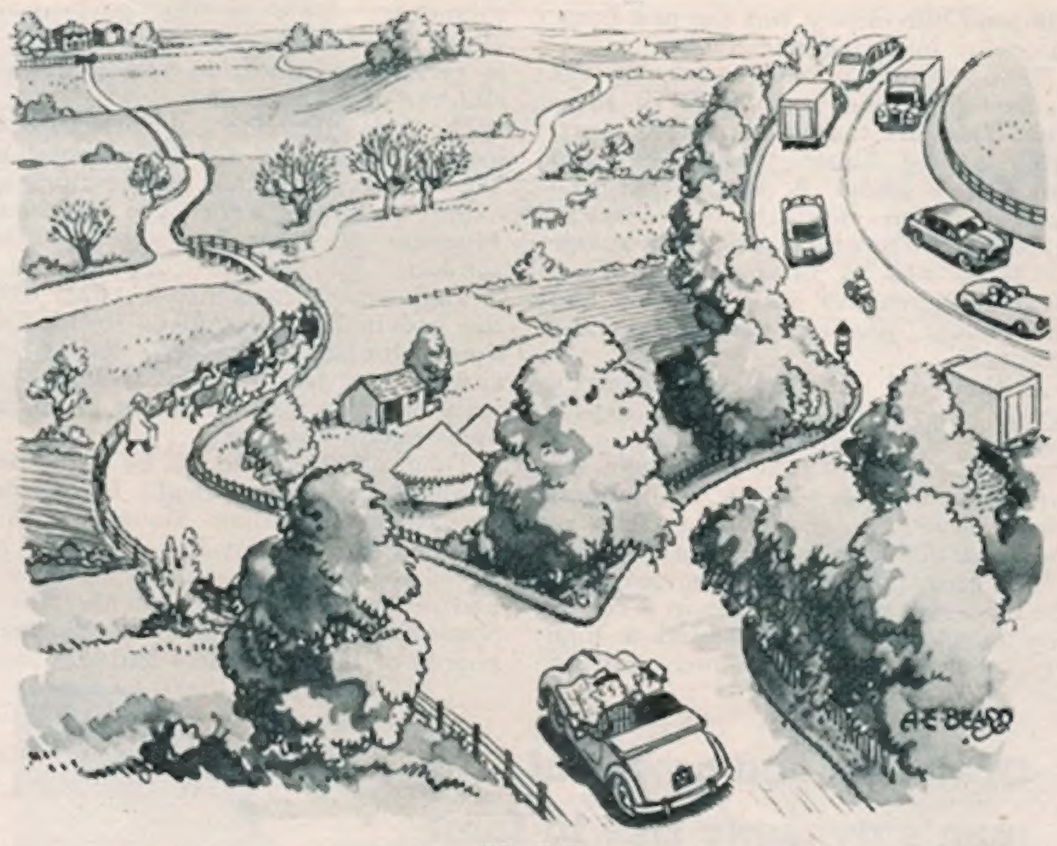
As far as I know Shanklin is one of only two piers in the country owned privately and managed personally. People often ask me how I got into such an unusual business. In 1925 I was running a theatre at Ryde as well as a concession on the front. That year someone topped my offer for the renewal of the concession and I was left with £5,000 worth of deck-chairs and catering equipment.

I was wondering how to utilize this equipment when a friend told me about the old pier at Shanklin, built in 1886 and later gutted by fire. It was derelict. The theatre was a heap of ashes and there was not a single building standing.

I bought the pier for £3,000. A week later a local newspaper proudly came out with a big headline: "One man and a paint pot on Shanklin pier. Life returning." My wife's comments were not so hopeful. "Fancy buying that old wreck," she said. "You must be out of your mind."

In the first year I was almost forced to agree. I was the owner of a quarter of a mile of very doubtful decking, jutting out into the sea from the lovely cliffs of the island, but nobody cared very much. During our first Easter we had only thirty-five customers. Their pennies rattled hollowly in the big leather pouches at the toll gates.

Since then I have spent over £100,000 on repairs, maintenance and improvements. Now we have 450,000 guests every summer. Sir Anthony Eden once paid us a visit. So did Douglas Bader; and the Dockers called in their yacht, the Shemara. In one day last year 17,000 people passed the turnstiles.



"Left"

OUR pier has three bars, a restaurant, a theatre for eight hundred people, a ballroom, amusement arcades with three hundred slot machines, motor-boats, a rock 'n' roll session every morning and daily calls from the south coast steamers. The little dressing-rooms at the back of the theatre have had such famous occupants as Pavlova, Richard Tauber, Paul Robeson, Jack Hylton, Sophie Tucker, Will Hay, Max Miller, Solomon, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Tommy Trinder made his name as our resident comedian and then was snapped up by talent scouts.

I mentioned that people on a pier have a feeling of being "aboard." Tommy went farther by hiring a sailing boat and taking a friend out for a sail. Later they landed on the beach, leaving the boat with its bow in the sand. "I think it will be all right," said Tommy, and they caught a taxi off into town. But they had left the sails up.

When the tide came in the boat went out. Ten miles out at sea it was seen by another vessel and taken in tow. By the time Tommy came back for his boat it had been towed into Ostend.

Another man with good cause to remember boats at the Isle of Wight was a trumpeter with Billy Cotton's band. Billy had been playing for us and because of a rush engagement he had chartered a launch to take the band back to Portsmouth after the show. The night was a bit rough and the boat bobbed up and down at the end of the pier. Just as the trumpeter stepped across into the boat he opened his mouth and his false teeth fell into the sea. He wasn't able to blow a note on his trumpet for two days until his dentist answered his SOS.

Once, when Clapham and Dwyer were my guest artists, I got into a little bit of trouble with the law. A policeman's girl friend, who was in the audience at a Sunday night show, didn't like the jokes and reported me for an infringement of the Sunday observance regulations.

It cost me £100 in fines and costs. But we all had a good laugh in court when our defending counsel complained to the magistrates that the prosecution was quoting only the weakest jokes.

There are other legal points to be watched, such as the licensing laws and our right to the freehold of the foreshore. But our biggest job is the maintenance of the pier and ensuring its safety, particularly after the weather hazards of winter. In March we inspect every foot of the pier structure and hire specialized contractors to repair any damage. Each year I spend at least £1,500 on maintenance, £500 of it on paint.

We are also still repairing wartime damage. One day during Dunkirk the War Department telephoned me and said: "You have twenty-four hours to move anything that can be moved from the pier. We are going to cut it in two to prevent the Germans using it for a landing."

However, some years later I was very proud when I learned that it had been used as the starting point of Pluto, the petrol pipeline under the ocean which supplied our armies in Normandy.

As a reminder, there is still a hole in my office wall which the pipeline went through.

I am always spending money on the decking of the pier. Gradually we have replaced the old beech planks with £6,000 worth of ekki, a West African timber which is almost fireproof. That is a lot of money, but I have known too many cases of fires on piers to take any risks.

Some years ago I really did think that all of my hard work was going up in flames. A cabin cruiser came alongside the pier head to refuel. During the refuelling one of the deck-hands made the ghastly error of lighting a cigarette. The ship's petrol tank, laden with five hundred gallons, went up in a great explosion.

THE end of the pier also began to burn and I feared the worst. Then I saw a longshoreman in his boat not far away. I hailed him to come over quickly. He threw his anchor into the burning cruiser and was able to tow her away. The pier was saved.

In that explosion a member of the cruiser's crew was blown twenty feet up on to the pier. He was the most unexpected arrival I have ever had, but there have been other times when my efforts to attract customers have brought me rather more than I bargained for.

Once, when a summer fog came down, I found myself stuck for the night with three steamer loads of passengers who had landed on the pier for a short stay. Eleven of the stranded and unexpected guests were babies, who needed feeding. My wife hurriedly sent into town for some teats and we quickly improvised feeders out of soda-water bottles.

Soon the babies were quite happily drinking sterilized milk. The problem remained of how to keep the rest of this huge party happy right through the night. We made them as comfortable as we could and then the resident concert party, led by Clarkson Rose, gallantly offered to put on a non-stop show.

They kept it up for five hours and didn't tell the same joke twice. Dejected faces were soon very much brighter and in the morning, after the fog had lifted, I was able to bid *bon voyage* to 2,300 tired but satisfied customers. THE END

Scott Brown, the ace they tried to ban

Continued from page 21

the age of seven he drove the car once too often into the garden gates at his Paisley, Renfrewshire, home, and his father banned him from driving for eight months.

In fact, Scott Brown senior, a garage proprietor, used the time to fit the car secretly with a lawn-mower engine complete with clutch, gears and throttle. His son drove this car about the grounds of the house until well into his adolescence. On the day immediately after his seventeenth birthday he passed the Ministry of Transport driving test.

Except in the slow bicycle race Scott Brown did not distinguish himself at school. He went to St. Andrews University to study economics, fared poorly and left prematurely to become a tobacco salesman.

BY then he owned a saloon car, spent nearly all his spare time in driving tests and rallies, and showed dazzling control of the steering wheel with the stub of flesh which is at the end of his right arm.

In 1949 his firm moved him to Cambridge. Four years later Brian Lister, a director of a light engineering firm in the town, told Scott Brown that he proposed to expand his business by designing and building sports racing cars, and asked him to drive them. With another Cambridge engineer named Don Moore as engine tuner, the Lister team has become one of the most successful at British tracks in recent years.

Earlier this month, driving a Lister-Jaguar, Scott Brown broke an unofficial record at Silverstone. He became the first sports car driver to complete the three-mile circuit at over one hundred miles an hour, which beat Mike Hawthorn's official record by nearly four miles an hour.

Later, in the big sports car race, over 3,000 c.c. class, Scott Brown battled over the seventy-five mile course with the American, Masten Gregory, both in Lister-Jaguars. Scott-Brown was eventually overtaken by the American driver, who won at a speed of 99.54 miles an hour.

In proving once again that he can hold his own with the best drivers of the world, he took second prize with a speed of 98.51 miles an hour.

Unmarried, Scott Brown lives with his mother in Cambridge and today manages and partly owns a garage and filling station seven miles outside the town.

He hankers to become a full-time professional driver but opposition to his disability has so far kept him out of Continental grand prix races. He was barred at last year's European Grand Prix at Monza in Italy and at the Ulster T.T.

Scott Brown faces this opposition with the same calm and patience which he showed when the Royal Automobile Club threatened to put a sudden end to his racing career three years ago.

Twenty-four hours before the classic sports car race for the 1954 British Empire Trophy the Royal Automobile Club revoked Scott Brown's competition licence on the ground that his disability made him unfit to race.

Though he admits that the decision "broke my heart," his mother and his racing friends recall clearly that he appeared completely unmoved at being banned.

"It struck me then," says Lister, "that years of living with a disabilty have forced him to build a personal defensive wall against disappointments."

HOWEVER, the R.A.C. did not withdraw his licence for very long. Many leading racing drivers, including Stirling Moss, signed a petition to the club on his behalf. As a result a special board tested him medically. Two months after barring him, the R.A.C. returned his licence to him.

Immediately he determined that he would win the British Empire Trophy Race the next year.

The Flying Scotsman had to show the world that he could win races as competently as the next man. And he did. THE END

Challenge the Famous

IN his answers to the six questions on crime and the police on page 31, Jack Warner scored four points. He was wrong over Question 1. Contrary to popular belief, bail for murder *is* allowed, though it is seldom granted. In cases of treason it can be granted only by a High Court judge or the Secretary of State. He answered Question 2 correctly, and he was half-way to answering Question 3. Alphonse Bertillon was a Parisian police prefect who, in 1879, evolved a system of measuring criminals' hands, heads, ears, noses, eyes, feet and so on, as a means of identification. Most countries now use the easier and equally accurate fingerprint system.

His answer to Question 4 was half right. Like other members of the C.I.D., Flying Squad officers contact London's underworld and seek information about criminals and their crimes, both committed and planned. Their car patrols operate on a freelance basis, although they will answer calls when in the district concerned. The underworld calls them the Heavy Mob.

Warner answered Question 5 correctly and had a good guess at Question 6. From 1948 to 1955, murders in England, Scotland and Wales averaged 141 a year.

Hell-raisers heading for Russia

Continued from page 9

Doukhobors. They believe in the sect's doctrine of a migration every forty years; they have been sixty in Canada, and regard a move as long overdue.

The elders of the sect backed up Moojelsky. "Doukhobors are like the rats and the sinking ship," said one. "We left Russia before the bloodshed of the Revolution. Now we must leave Canada."

Moojelsky's predecessors in the leadership have provided strong contrasts. Until 1924 the Doukhobors were led by Peter Vergin, known as The Lordly, who kept the community peaceful. But the Sons disliked the strong discipline he exercised and formed their own colony at Krestova. There they plotted Vergin's assassination. The weapon was typical—a bomb. It exploded under Vergin's seat in a Canadian Pacific Railway coach.

He was succeeded by his son, Peter the Purger, who split the sect still more, and later went to jail for perjury after a career of brutality in which he drank, swore and beat his followers with his fists. Once he put a whole colony on flour and water for six weeks when they offended him. It was, he said, the Will of God.

Doukhobors say that Peter the Purger behaved in that way because the authorities were watching him. They were not, in fact, watching closely enough, for mortgage repayments on the 20,000 acres of land the Doukhobors had bought years before had not been made, and the creditor companies decided to foreclose.

Quick government action saved the land for the sect. The mortgages were paid off, and the land was rented back to the Doukhobors at a low rate.

The government is still trying to collect the rent, because the Sons now say that the government's action robbed them of their land.

Michael Vergin, a cousin of Peter the Purger, took over the leadership in 1944, proclaiming that he had "an axe to wake the sleeping people." That was the start of the worst Doukhobor violence. It was ended by a new leader, a Ukrainian Bible student with a big beard and a beautiful voice. He told the Sons to abandon fire-raising and bombing, said they were the only true Doukhobors and that the rest of the sect were non-Christian. The Sons rewarded him with a house and a shining new car. Somebody blew up the car, so they gave him another.

They also gave him $65,000 to find a new home for the sect in Uruguay. He went to Montevideo, taking with him the youngest and most beautiful of the wives of a minor leader, and never came back. He still lives in Montevideo, on a ranch, and the Sons still send him money, but the new home has never materialized.

Then Moojelsky succeeded to the leadership of the 2,500 Sons of Freedom. They are taught not to eat meat, drink strong liquor, smoke or send children to school. A psychiatrist who studied them for the government reported: "The organization is a refuge for those who fit nowhere else. They include aggressives who have to find an outlet, passive masochists and criminals."

A thousand of them have formally agreed to go to Russia, and they expect the rest of the group to follow suit. They hope, too, to take with them the thousands of independent Doukhobors whose views, though similar to those of the Sons, are held less fanatically.

The most important single motive in the back-to-Russia plan lies in a collection of neat buildings behind a high wire fence at New Denver, British Columbia. This is the government school for Doukhobor children, and it is giving an education to ninety-nine children of the Sons of Freedom.

The Sons call the school "prison," and local people call it the Doukhoborium. The "prison" tag has this justification—the buildings were used to house Japanese internees in Canada during the war.

They were turned into a school when the provincial government decided on a new, tougher policy against the Sons and threw thirty-seven women and sixty-one men into prison for arson and nude parades in 1954.

Their children had to be cared for, so the school was opened. In one day the Royal Canadian Mounted Police rounded up seventy-five children between the ages of seven and fifteen who had never been to school in their lives. Some had been hidden under the floorboards of houses, others had run away believing schools to be evil and schoolmasters agents of the Devil.

The man appointed to teach them, John Clarkson, found that for three months the children were impossible to control. They ran away at his approach and turned the buildings into filthy hovels. All day they slouched round the school chewing sunflower seeds and spitting on the floor.

Eventually Clarkson took a tough line with them and the result was surprising. As members of a strongly disciplined sect, the children immediately felt at home among stringent rules.

Now the New Denver school is the equal of most good boarding schools in Canada, but its fence is still the main problem, even though its function is to keep parents out, not children in.

The children come and go as they please, but the parents would mob the school at the slightest provocation. More than once they have tried. Now they are issued with passes for visits, two to the family of each child at the school, but the Sons decline to use them. "We want no part of Clarkson's sadism," Moojelsky says.

But parents do visit the school. Every Sunday they line one side of the fence, the children the other, and they exchange kisses through the mesh and pass birthday cakes over the top.

From these talks through the fence, some of the Sons' stories have been concocted. They say that the authorities are feeding poison to the youngsters. The truth is that two of the boys raided an orchard full of unripe apples with the inevitable result. But the poison story was told and retold at Doukhobor meetings for months.

Repeatedly the Sons have been told that the children can go home if the parents promise to send them to school; they refuse the offer. Education, says an elder, "destroys natural good sense and teaches patriotism and militarism. That is wrong."

Another objection is that some schools allow pupils to dance. "Look what happened to John the Baptist when Salome danced," the Doukhobors say.

So now they plan to go, though the move has not satisfied every Doukhobor. The day the news of the proposed move leaked out, two power pylons and a road bridge were blown up. While Moojelsky and a delegation were in Moscow, a Canadian Pacific Railway line was mined. There were so many incidents that the railway had to discontinue services on the line serving the Doukhobor district.

And one Saturday evening homemade bombs were found in three crowded cinemas. Each had a partly burned fuse.

A police officer who has spent his life trying to combat Doukhobor violence says: "If those bombs had gone off, it would have been mass murder. The sooner these people go to Russia the better."

THE END

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THE FAMOUS CASES OF SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS

W. E. Armstrong's brilliant series on the most controversial figure in postwar Britain

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

If I were running TV

Continued from page 17

like of which has seldom been seen anywhere. My complaint is only that we are not making enough use of it.

I enjoy the hard brittle comedy of *Lucy*, and taut well-written shows like *Gun Law*. But most of the other American imports seem to have been designed "strictly for kicks," to use one of their own expressions. Their climate engenders in them a sense of urgency and speed which demands rapid and violent sensations, whereas our mellower atmosphere allows us more time to observe events.

In ATV's *Emergency—Ward 10*, for example, we see real people against a hospital background, and become involved in their lives in terms which are not completely separate from our own actual or possible experience. It seems to me little short of shocking that our choice at peak time on Saturday nights should be limited to one old American film on Channel 1, and another on Channel 9.

In the field of art and culture, the programmes do not as yet show many signs of adventure, or of any great imagination. The most daring experiments, up to date, have been ITV's brilliant series of historical lectures (at the wrong time of course) by Alan Taylor, and Sir Kenneth Clark's personally conducted tours.

What staggers me is that so little has been made of music. We possess, in London alone, five of the best symphony orchestras in the world. In Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir Malcolm Sargent we have two conductors who happen also to be showmen of genius. All that had to be done was to leave it to them to tell us what they were going to do, and then let them do it.

On the rare occasions when this has happened, they have provided us with programmes which for sheer enjoyment, apart altogether from cultural value, have been outstanding. But it hardly ever has happened. Sir Thomas Beecham, who would have adorned any kind of discussion programme, and made it sizzle, was permitted—on occasion—to give us a little Delius.

The explanation is beyond me. Fear may have entered in; for you can never be sure of what Sir Thomas is going to say, which is what makes him such fun. I suspect that it was just dumbness.

The number of times I have appeared in political discussions on sound radio and television doesn't bear thinking of, for I started with the original *Brains Trust* and had my initial training from that great professional Professor C. E. M. Joad. Let me say at once that to be a well-known radio or television personality is a fatal impediment to an orthodox political career; and that in present circumstances, when we are all rather nervously trying to find our feet in the face of a comparatively new medium of unknown but immense potential power, this is probably a good thing. Equally it is a great mistake for politicians as such to assume that they can all become television "stars" if only they are given the chance.

Television is not an easy craft. To be successful you have to have a flair for it, to be photogenic, to be able to align your thought with your talk, and to learn it the hard way. Above all, you must not be a bore. The discussion of public affairs in front of the cameras should be left to the steadily increasing number of those who have learned how to do it.

The programmes on which I myself appear most frequently are *Free Speech* and *Any Questions*. *Free Speech* is a revival of *In The News*, originally a B.B.C. production which was wrecked by political pressure from outside, to which the Corporation supinely succumbed.

It has, of course, enormous defects. It can easily get out of hand, either by being taken at too hot a pace or by degenerating into a shouting match. Tempers have been known to be lost, and great nonsense to be talked. As against this it has, in my highly biased opinion, three overwhelming merits which make it politically the most important of all the programmes.

First, while the occasional guest is always welcome, it is based upon a regular team which gives it a coherence, continuity and character of its own.

Secondly, it is intense, sincere and uninhibited. We always say precisely what we think; and nobody can be quite sure what that is going to be.

Third, millions of people are now hearing both sides of the argument for the first time in our political history.

I do not believe that a programme such as *Free Speech* is likely to swing many votes in the ordinary run of party politics. But it would be idle to deny that it is capable of influencing public opinion on great issues. I do not think this is a bad thing.

THE END

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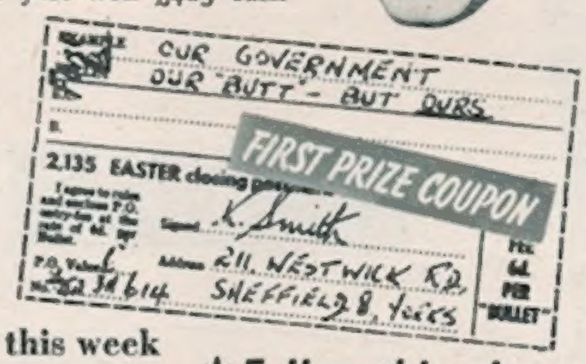

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Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

John's Battle	The Blue Lamp
The Value Of Money	Coming To The Surface
Dragon Drudgery	Invisible Army
Kissed By The Sun	Our MP Woke Up And
Path Of Progress	At Wimbledon
When We Were Courting	Man On A Horse
In The Rush Hour	Pushed Aside
A Marvel	It's His Birthday, So
Nice, Steady Job	Dad's Roses
Going To The Movies	Sensation In Puddleditch

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

In The.....Home	Cooled.....Down
.....For The Teacher	A Shocking.....
Clinging To.....	It's Time To.....When

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£10 Miss E. Brandwood, 8 Park Avenue, Nelson, Lancs: **Without The H-bomb—As "Counter"—Britain *Counting*?**

£9 E. Sanders, 12 Truesdale Drive, Harefield, Middx: **Go-ahead Lad—Kicking *Somebody Else's* Heels!**

£8 Mrs. E. Paton, "Whitecraigs," Rock, Wadebridge, Cornwall: **Given Too Much Polishing — With World's Flags — "Armour."**

£7 R. S. Hamilton, 112 Wilberforce Road, London, N.4: **Spring-cleaning The Cellar—Old-fashioned *Coal* Discovered!**

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Ten Prizes of £2 10s., 100 "Double Sixers" and 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted. (£100 Bonus has been shared among the 30 entrants who qualified as offered.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 14 for early news of No. 2,143 result.)

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

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